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Embellished with,

I. *A Portrait of* GOHANNA.

II. *The* STAG-HUNT *on* EPPING FOREST, *as in "Harlequin and the Red Dwarf."*

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES OF GOHANNA.

With an Engraving by Mr. Scott, from a Painting by Mr. Davis.

GOHANNA, (a bay horse, foaled in 1790), bred by the Earl of Egremont, was own Brother to that well-known good Racer and Stallion, *Precipitate*—Got by Mercury; dam by King Herod; grandam, Mr. Pratt's *Maiden*, by Match'em, out of the famous *Old Squirt Mare.*—*Maiden* was the dam of Challenger, &c.—She was also own Sister to Purity, the dam of *Rockingham*, &c.—*Mercury* was own Brothe to Jupiter, Volunteer, Queen Mab, &c. by Eclipse, out of Mr. O'Kelly's famous *Old Tartar Mare.*

At Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1793, (Tuesday) *Gohanna* won a Sweepstakes of 200gs. each (four subscribers) 8st. R. M. beating Warwick, by Pot8o's.—On Monday, in the First Spring Meeting, he won the first Class of the Prince's Stakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. (ten subscribers) 8st. 3lb. each, Across the Flat, beating Scanderbeg, Agamemnon, and Trueman:—2 to 1 against Gohanna. On Wednesday, he won the second Class of the Prince's Stakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. (ten subscribers) 8st. 3lb. each, Across the Flat, beating Xanthus, by Volunteer:—5 to 4 on

on Xanthus. And on Saturday, he won the third Class of the Prince's Stakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. (ten subscribers) 8st. 3lb. Across the Flat, beating Druid and Topgallant:—7 to 4 on Gohanna. On Monday, in the Houghton Meeting, he won a Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, p. p. (eighteen subscribers) colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. Across the Flat, beating Druid, Hydra, Katherine, Warwick, and Mother Redcap:—6 to 4 on Gohanna. And on Friday, at 8st. he beat the Duke of Bedford's Cælia, 7st. 7lb. Across the Flat, 200gs.:—2 to 1 on Gohanna.—On Monday, in the Craven Meeting, he was beat for a Stakes, by Topgallant; and at Epsom, he was second to Waxy for the Derby, which, with the above, were the only times of Gohanna's racing at three years old.

At Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1794, *Gohanna* won a Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, p. p. (twenty subscribers) 8st. 7lb. each, B. C. beating Old Tatt, Druid, Topgallant, Xanthus, and three others:—Even betting on Druid, and 9 to 2 against Gohanna. In the First Spring Meeting, he won the Claret Stakes of 200gs. each, h. ft. (five subscribers) 8st. 7lb. B. C. beating Teucer, by Ulysses:—3 to 1 on Gohanna. And in the Second Spring Meeting, at 8st. he beat Waxy, 8st. 3lb. B. C. 100gs.: 3 to 1 on Waxy. At Lewes, he won a Sweepstakes of 200gs. each, p. p. (six subscribers) 8st. 7lb. over the Course, beating Guatumozin, Royalist, and two others:—3 to 1 on Gohanna. And walked over for a Subscription of 10gs. each (four subscribers). He also walked over for the King's Purse at Canterbury. And in the Newmarket First October Meeting, at 8st. 4lb. he beat Lord Clermont's Heroine, 5 years old, 8st. Across the Flat, 200gs.:—2 to 1 on Gohanna.

At Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, 1795, *Gohanna*, 8st. 7lb. beat Darsham (same age), 6st. 7lb. B. C. 100gs.:—13 to 8 on Darsham. At Lewes, he walked over for the Duke of Richmond's Purse of 50l. At Lichfield, Sept. 8, he won the King's Purse of 100gs. for five-year olds, 8st. 7lb. three-mile heats, beating Patriot and Doricles:—5 to 4 on Gohanna, who won the first and third heats from Patriot. And at Warwick, Sept. 15, he won the King's Purse of 100gs. for six-year olds, 12st. four-mile heats, beating Pandolpho, Joe Andrews, &c.

At Lewes, August 4, 1796, *Gohanna* walked over for the King's Purse of 100gs. for six-year-olds:—And the next day, he won 50l. beating Kerenhappuck and Bucknor. He also won the King's Purse of 100gs. at Warwick, beating Diogenes.

At Egham, 1797, *Gohanna* walked over for a Sweepstakes of 15gs. each (three subscribers).

At Lewes, 1798, *Gohanna*, 8st. 7lb. won 50l. heats two miles and a half, beating Play-or-Pay, aged, 8st. 7lb. Totteridge, aged, 8st. 7lb. Pelter, 6 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. Wrangler, 4 yrs old, 7lb. 11lb. &c.—This was the only time of his racing that year.

At Brighton, July 2, 1799, *Gohanna*, 9st. won a Sweepstakes of 25gs. each, the last mile, beating Trumpeter, 6 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. Dapple, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. Ballinamuck, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. &c.—At Lewes, August 1, at 8st. 10lb. he won 50l. beating Mother Shipton, 5 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. and Whip, 5 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.—And the next day, at 8st. 7lb. he beat

Trum-

Trumpeter, 8st. the last mile, 100gs.

And at Lewes, 1800, *Gohanna*, 8st. 7lb. won 50l. heats two miles and a half, beating Cadet, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. and Duchess of Limbs, 5 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.—7 to 4 on Gohanna, who was then sent to the Stud at Petworth, Sussex, for a Stallion.

In 1806, he covered at 25gs. a mare and one guinea the groom; in 1807, &c. at 50gs. a mare and two guineas the groom; in 1811 and 1812, at 20gs. and one guinea.

Gohanna was the Sire of the following good runners, viz.

Anderida	Jocasta
Bantum	Lamia
Break	Lewes
Brightonia	Mirror
Brighton	Mountebank
Brighton-Lass	Nobody
Canopus	Nuncio
Cardinal Beaufort	Orelia
	Princess
Castanea	Prodigal
Cerberus	Quail
Cestrian	Quin
Coriolanus	Rabbit
Corsican	Reading
Cowdray	Receiver
Crim-Con	Ringdove
Dandy	Romana
Dorina	Scorpion
Edmund	Sister to Castanea
Election	
Fairy	Skeddaw
Grace	Sprite
Hedley	Stingtail
Homespun	Trafalgar
Jerbo	Turtle
Jeroboam	Volucris
Interloper	Wretch, &c. &c.

And of the valuable Stallion *Golumpus*, Sire of Otterington, the winner of the last St. Leger; also of Catton, Beverley, Uncle Toby, Kexby, Miss Catton, &c.—*Golumpus* never raced.

*** Cardinal Beaufort and Election were winners of the Derby Stakes, besides a great many others.

For the Sporting Magazine.

SOME PARTICULARS OF THE LIFE OF THE CELEBRATED FIELD MARSHAL SUWARROW.

IN the year 1799, the celebrated Suwarrow, after having, in less than two months, reduced the whole of Italy, penetrated into Switzerland, to unite his forces with a body of troops under Prince Korsakow, in prosecution of a plan arranged by the Courts of Vienna and St. Petersburgh, for invading France. Upon his arrival at the frontiers, he had the mortification to learn that Korsakow, disappointed of a reinforcement by Austria, had been unable to withstand the enemy, and had sustained a signal defeat near Zurich.

During the violence of Suwarrow's chagrin at this event, Prince Korsakow approached him. The old General, starting back at the sight of him, exclaimed, indignantly, "You are bold, indeed, to brave my reproaches, when you have just succeeded in staining my escutcheon with a blot, which was unknown before you imprinted it—away! do not disgrace me by your presence."—The Prince withdrew in confusion: every one present, struck with the severity of this address, remained silent; when Suwarrow, recalling the unhappy officer—"Hear me," said he, "I spoke to you this moment, in the language of an irritated Commander—I now address you as a father and a friend—I know all;

all: they, through whose remissness the enemy triumphed, are more culpable than you—your fault is, that you can survive the dishonour that has attached to you, and of which your miserable family will partake. My advice is, to bury yourself in the remotest desart of Russia, and try to escape your own recollections.—Farewell!"

Suwarrow was too much disgusted with the conduct of Austria, to attempt more in her favour: he assembled his army in the neighbourhood of Lindau.

At this period, his assistance was requested by the Archduke Charles, at a conference upon defensive operations. Suwarrow received the officer charged with this commission, in presence of his whole suite, and haughtily replied to the invitation:—"Tell the Archduke, that I have no talents for defence—my science is the science of attack—I shall pursue my march when I deem it expedient, and then I shall waste no more time in Switzerland. I shall advance, according to my orders, into Franche Comté. Tell him, that at Vienna I should be at his feet, but that here I am at least his equal: he is a Field Marshal—I am one—he is in the service of a great Emperor—I am also—he is young—I am old—I have never yet been vanquished—I have purchased my experience by a course of victories—I look for counsel and advice only to God and my sword."

The Emperor Paul soon afterwards seceded from the coalition, and made peace with France. But Suwarrow incurred his displeasure, from an idea that he had been too tardy in reporting the conduct of Austria. The noble-minded veteran, stung at the refusal of the military honours which he thought his due, worn down by the effect of wounds and fatigue, and looking forward, with impatience, to a life of inactivity, ill suited to his disposition, soon after his return to Russia, expired, nearly broken-hearted, and that sun, which had lately shone forth so splendid, set in clouds and obscurity.

Suwarrow was a man of most amiable and generous heart, and possessed great warmth of feeling. At the advanced age of seventy, he had the vivacity and energy of eighteen.

His private habits were very remarkable: Sober to excess, and little inclined to any sort of personal indulgence, he was admirably calculated for leading a soldier's life. His bed was a truss of hay; he dined at six, seven, or eight in the morning, slept from ten to two, and then transacted business till the period which he dedicated to retirement and devotion. This duty engaged him about twenty minutes. He then joined in conversation for half an hour or an hour, and then again went to his repose. At midnight he left his couch, transacted business till four in the morning, attended mass, and occupied himself with military duties till dinner time.

It was his custom to address the troops every Saturday evening, at considerable length. His discourse turned principally upon the respect and love due to God and to the Sovereign; upon temperance, attention to their profession, and the advantages which soldiers, inured to fatigue and hardship, must possess over all others.

Whatever effect was produced by

by these harangues, there is undoubtedly no class of men who require fewer comforts than the Russian army: An individual will subsist for forty-eight hours on a pound of bread, a quarter of a pound of oatmeal, or millet (without any flesh meat), drinking water, with a small allowance of brandy.

Their ideas of religion tend also greatly to increase the courage and exertion of the Russian soldiery: to die in battle, is in their eyes certain happiness; to run away from an enemy, is a crime and a disgrace scarcely known amongst them.

The appearance of the Russian troops is very superb, of the infantry in particular; the cavalry are a fine body of men, but indifferently mounted.

Their manœuvres are almost entirely confined to the charge, which they execute with overbearing vigour and impetuosity.

At the present moment we cannot but look up with peculiar respect to those hardy natives of the North, who have not only repelled the invaders of their country, but by their energy and resolution have given a shock to the throne of Bonaparte, from which nothing but a total change in the system of Russia, and the grossest misconduct on the part of her allies, can enable it to recover.—Let us hope that Europe will at last burst asunder the disgraceful trammels which have galled her so long; and that France, the once happy, high-spirited France, blushing to have caused such extensive calamity, and having atoned, by tears of blood, seeing her absurdities and crimes, will arise from her abject position, and tear down a dynasty, which was the offspring of violence and murder, and whose maturity has been worthy of its birth.

MONKWEARMOUTH SOD MEETING.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

THE fourth grand Annual Sod Meeting, will take place at Monkwearmouth, on the 15th of March, and following days, for four fifties, three one hundreds, and a two hundred.—The insertion of this will greatly oblige a constant reader, SOD.

Durham, Jan. 21, 1813.

GREY DIOMED.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IF you have it in your power, I should be much obliged to you to inform me of the pedigree, performances, &c. of Grey Diomed.—By inserting it in your next Number, you will very much oblige, Sir, your constant reader,

T. L. B.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF STALLIONS TO COVER IN 1813.

The Figures before each Horse's Name, denote his Age at May Day, 1813.

(Continued from page 125.)

a. BETTER, in Northumberland, at 4gs.—By King Fergus; dam by Sweetbriar, out of Rarity, by Match'em.

9. CARDINAL YORK, at Catterick, Yorkshire, at 7gs. and 5s.—By

By Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Charmer, by Phenomenon, Fitzherod, Young Cade, Regulus.

11. CERBERUS, at Bishop-Burton, near Beverley, Yorkshire, at 5gs. and a half.—By Gohanna; dam by Herod, out of Desdemona, by Marsk.

11, CHORUS, at Womersly, near Pontefract, Yorkshire, at 5gs. and a half.—Own Brother to Tuneful, by Trumpator; dam, Sea-Fowl, by Woodpecker, out of Middlesex, by Snap.

5. COTTAGER, at Monkman's Repository, York, at 5gs. and 5s. —By Hambletonian; dam, (Langold's dam) by Dragon, out of Scourge's dam, by Herod.

21. HAMBLETONIAN, at Wynyard, near Stockton-upon-Tees and Darlington, at 26gs.—By King Fergus, out of Grey Highflyer, by Highflyer, Match'em, &c.

13. L'ORIENT, at Hinckley, near Leicester, at 5gs.—By Star, out of Abigail, (Zodiac's dam) by Woodpecker.

24. PANDOLPHO, at Hornby-Castle, near Richmond, Yorkshire, at 5gs. and 5s.—By Pretender, out of a Sister to Gnawpost, by Snap, Godolphin Arabian, &c.

7. PAUL, at Dringhouses, near York, at 5gs. and a half.—By Hambletonian; dam, Caroline, by Phenomenon; grandam, Faith, by Pacolet, out of Atalanta, by Match'em.

8. RUBENS, at Bill-Hill, near Workingham, Berks, at 21gs.—Own Brother to Selim and Castrel, by Buzzard; dam by Alexander, Highflyer, Alfred, Engineer, out of Bay Malton's dam, by Cade.

SAXE COBOURG, at Sleap House, near Wem, Shropshire;—at 5gs. and 5s.—By Boudrow; dam by Le Sang, Careless, out of Miss Barforth, by Snap.

20. SHUTTLE, at the same place and price as Hambletonian.—By Young Marsk; dam by Vauxhall-Snap, out of Hip, by Herod.

12. SIR DAVID, at the Salutation, Doncaster, at 10gs. and a half.—By Trumpator; dam by Woodpecker, out of a Sister to Driver, &c. by Trentham.

13. SIR OLIVER, at Altrincham, Cheshire, at 10gs. and one guinea. —By Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Fanny, by Diomed, Woodpecker, out of Ruth, by Blank.

7. SIR PETRONEL, at Down-Hall, Epsom, Surrey, at 10gs. and a half.—By Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Young Rachel, by Volunteer, out of Rachel, by Highflyer.

6. SLEDMERE, at Norton-Conyers, near Ripon, Yorkshire, at 5gs. and 5s.—By Delpini; dam by Gabriel, out of Sir Launcelot's dam, by King Fergus.

26. STRIDE, at Deighton, near York, at 5gs. and a half.—By Phenomenon; dam by Goldfinder, out of Lovely, by Babram.

7. THUNDERBOLT, at Great Barton, near Bury St. Edmunds, at 15gs. and a half.—By Sorcerer; dam, Wowsky, by Mentor, out of Maria, the dam of Waxy, &c.

10. TRAFALGAR, at Leconfield Parks, near Beverley, Yorkshire, at 5gs. and a crown.—Own Brother to Scorpion, by Gohanna, out of a Sister to Skysweeper, by Highflyer.

5. VANDYKE JUNIOR, at Caldecot, near Biggleswade, Bedfordshire, the first five mares at 10gs. and a half, all the rest at 50gs. and one guinea.—By Walton; dam, Dabchick, (Vandyke's dam) by Pot8o's, out of Drab, by Highflyer.

14. VIVALDI'S BROTHER, at Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire, at 5gs. and a crown.—By Woodpecker;

pecker; dam by Mercury, out of Cytherea, by Herod.

14. WALTON, at Gipping-Hall, near Stowmarket, Suffolk, forty mares, (besides those of his owner, not exceeding ten) at 26gs.—By Sir Peter Teazle; dam by Dungannon, Prophet, out of Virago, (Saltram's dam) by Snap.

10. WARRIOR, at Mr. Knapton's Farm, Huntington, near York, at 6gs. and a crown.—By Sir Peter Teazle; dam by Young Marsk, Match'em, &c.

23. WAXY, at Newmarket, twenty mares at 26gs.——By PotSo's, out of Maria, by Herod, Snap, &c.

10. WHITELOCK, at the Elephant and Castle Inn, Skeldergate, York, at 5gs.—By Hambletonian; dam, Rosalind, by Phenomenon, out of Atalanta, the dam of Faith, &c.

8. WHITWORTH, at Kirk-Merrington, Durham, at 10gs. and a half.—By Agonistes; dam by Jupiter, Highflyer, Match'em, Old England, &c.

13. WHYNOT, at Ospringe, near Faversham, at 3gs. and a crown.—By Walnut, out of Baron and Viscount's dam, by Bourdeaux.

13. WILLIAMSON'S DITTO, at Snitterfield, near Stratford-on-Avon, at 10gs. and a half.—Own Brother to Walton.

7. WIZARD, at Elmsall-Lodge, near Ferrybridge, Yorkshire, fifty mares, (besides those of his owner) at 10gs. and a half.—By Sorcerer; dam by Precipitate, out of Lady Harriet, by Marc Antony, Match'em.

19. YOUNG WOODPECKER, at Jervaux-Abbey, near Middleham, Yorkshire, at 5gs.—By Woodpecker; dam by Eclipse, out of Rosebud, by Snap; Miss Belsea, by Regulus.

12. ZODIAC, at Mr. Neale's, Newmarket, forty mares, (besides four of his owner) at 16gs.—— By St. George; dam, Abigail, (L'Orient's dam) by Woodpecker, out of Firetail, by Eclipse, Blank, &c.

To be continued.

BETTINGS.

STATE of the bettings at Tattersall's, Jan. 27.

DERBY.

12 to 1 agst Sir Solomon.
13 to 1 agst the Brother to Thunderbolt.
14 to 1 agst Lord Grosvenor's colt.
15 to 1 agst Lord Foley's colt.
15 to 1 agst Sir John Shelley's.
15 to 1 agst Lord Egremont's Nerissa colt.

OAKS.

9 to 1 agst Vale Royal.
10 to 1 agst any other horse.

FIRST CLASS OF THE OATLANDS.

6 to 1 agst Sorcery.
6 to 1 agst Pope Joan.
6 to 1 agst Mulberry.
6 to 1 agst Venture.
9 to 1 agst Langton.
10 to 1 agst Merryfield.

SECOND CLASS.

9 to 2 agst Grimalkin.
5 to 1 agst Woeful.
8 to 1 agst Crispin.

THIRD CLASS.

5 to 1 agst Mr. Wyndham's c. by Gohanna.
6 to 1 agst Mr. Craven's Tooley
500 to 10 agst naming the three winners.

PUGI-

PUGILISM.

A Very unfortunate event occurred on Monday evening, the 4th instant, at Cambridge:—Mr. William Stocker, grocer, in Sidney-street, went into a room at the Hoop Inn, when a dispute arose between him and William Flack, of the same place, which occasioned a challenge to fight, and the parties immediately adjourned to the garden; when, after fighting a short time, Stocker fell down, apparently much hurt, in consequence of which he was conveyed to a room, and surgical assistance immediately procured; but the unfortunate man expired in about three hours, a melancholy instance of the fatal effects of intemperance.—The Coroner's Jury returned a verdict of *Manslaughter*. Flack is committed to the town gaol for trial at the ensuing assizes.

A Correspondent informs us, that at North Walsham, Norfolk, the New Year was ushered in, in a very singular manner—first by a race, and afterwards by a boxing match.—In the former, a noted runner of that place undertook to run fifty yards, with a *loyal* man upon his back, weighing 16st. against a person, who was to run one hundred yards; but the latter only got to the end of his fifty yards by the time the other had arrived with his load. After this, the person who had lost the race, and at least a *cubit* by his exertions, offered to fight the other with one arm tied up, and in the end he beat the *Time-keeper*; so that he that had been swiftest in the race, proved second best in the pugilistic combat. A wrestling match must decide the wager.

A pugilistic display took place on Monday, the 4th, at Dundry, near Bristol.—The combatants were Crab, one of the press-gang, and Newton, a brick-maker: the stake was 50gs. each. Bristol being considered a nursery for heroes of the fist, great interest was excited, and a large company attended, it being known that both were bottom-men. Newton is a 10st. and Crab a 11st. man. At setting-to betting was even, but from the first round it changed 6 to 4 on Newton; and after a hard contest of fifty minutes, in which Crab shewed considerable *pluck*, victory decided in favour of Newton.—Another battle was fought for a purse between Hall and Roberts, which afforded ample satisfaction to the amateurs, it being one of the sharpest and hardest contests that have been witnessed for some time. Hall was 2 to 1 the favourite at setting-to, the third round even betting, when after fifteen minutes hard fighting without a shift, Hall planted a most tremendous blow on his antagonist's neck, who fell, and was taken off the ground senseless.

Ford, one of the tried champions from the West of England School, and Cropley, the formidable opposer of Dutch Sam and Belcher, will fight for 100gs. in a month.

SPARRING.

The Fives Court was fully attended on Monday, the 11th instant, for the benefit of Carter and Fuller, the brave losers at Rickmansworth. Amongst the company were several distinguished personages. The principal attractions at sparring were betwixt Power and Carter, Richmond and Fuller, Dutch Sam and Cropley, Carter and Fuller, Maltby, Ford, G. Cribb, &c.

NEW-

NEWMARKET
ADJOURNED COURSING MEETING.

Tuesday, Jan. 5.

CHIPPENHAM FIELD.

1. MR. Redhead's blk. b. a. Lovely, beat Sir P. Blake's br. b. a. Evil.

2. Mr. Redhead's blk. b. a. Lightning, beat Sir P. Blake's blk. d. a. Emerald.

3. Capt. Wyatt's bl. b. a. X Jane, beat Mr. Wright's bl. b. Vesta.

4. Ld Rivers's cream-coloured d. p. Rex, beat Mr. Wright's bl. b. p. Vigo.

5. Ld Rivers's w. d. p. Riverton, beat Mr. Wright's bl. b. p. Virgin.

6. Mr. Redhead's blk. and w. b. a. Lively, agst Mr. Wright's blk. d. a. Volens.—Undecided.

7. Captain Wyatt's blk. and w. p. X Janus, agst Mr. James's bl. d. a. Indigo.—Undecided.

8. Mr. J. Wright's bl. b. p. Stella, beat Mr. Redhead's blk. b. p. Leveret.

9. Captain Wyatt's bl. d. p. X Jethro, beat Mr. James's w. b. p. Ithaca.

10. Mr. Wilkinson's red d. a. Zeno, agst Mr. Goodlake's bl. d. a. Gamecock.—Undecided, Zeno won the first turn.

11. Mr. Jones's r. b. p. Jewel, beat Sir P. Blake's blk. and w. b. p. Embassy.

12. Sir P. Blake's blk. and w. d. a. Enterprize, agst Mr. J. Wright's bl. d. a. Sampson.—No course.

13. Mr. J. Wright's d. b. a. Slut, beat Sir P. Blake's w. b. a. Eve.

14. Mr. Wright's bl. d. a. Valiant, agst Mr. Redhead's blk. b. a. Lydia.—No course, two hares.

15. Captain Wyatt's bl. d. a. X Junius, agst Mr. Wilkinson's blk. b. a. Zelia.—Off.

16. Mr. Jones's blk. b. a Jet, beat Admiral Wilson's (Sir Albemarle Bertie) blk. b. a. Yarico.

17. Mr. Syer's blk. b. a. Pickle, beat Mr. R. Hamond's (Mr. Bliss) blk. b. a. School Lass.

18. Captain Wyatt's bl. and wt. d. a. X Juniper, beat Admiral Wilson's (Sir A. Bertie) blk. and wt. d. a. Crib.

19. Admiral Wilson's (Sir A. Bertie) blk. b. a. Cora, agst Mr. Wilkinson's r. b. a. Zarina.—Undecided.

20. Mr. J. Wright's bl. b. p. Skip, beat Mr. Wright's blk. b. p. Venus.

21. Mr. Wright's blk. d. a. Volens, beat Mr. J. Wright's bl. d. a. Sampson.

Wednesday, Jan. 6.

STETCHWORTH AND DULLINGHAM FIELDS.

1. Mr. Wright's blk. b. p. Virgin, beat Lord Rivers's blk. d. p. Royal.

2. Mr. Redhead's Lively, beat Mr. Wright's Volens.

3. Mr. Merest's blk. b. p. Opium, rec. ft. from Mr. Northey's yellow and w. b. p. Nimble.

4. Mr. Wright's Valiant, beat Mr. Redhead's Lydia.

5. Mr. Merest's blk. b. p. Oyster Wench, beat Mr. Wright's Vigo.

6. Mr. Merest's blk. b. p. Otter, beat Mr. J. Wright's Stella.

7. Captain Wyatt's bl. d. a. X Jasper, rec. ft. from Mr. Page's blk. d. a. Blue Beard.

8. Mr. Merest's blk. b. p. Octavia, beat Capt. Wyatt's blk. d. a. X Johnny, jun.

9. Sir P. Blake's w. b. p. Ermine, beat Lord Rivers's blk. d. p. Romana.

10. Lord Rivers's blk. d. p. Repeater, beat Sir P. Blake's blk. b. p. Endor.

11. Sir P. Blake's dun d. p. Express, beat Lord Rivers's blk. d. p. Regent.

12. Lord Rivers's blk. and w. b. p. Risk, beat Mr. J. Wright's blk. b. p. Skip.

13. Mr. Syer's blk. b. a. Pickle, beat Mr. Wright's (Lord Maynard's) blk. b. a. V. Fly.

14. Mr. Wilkinson's r. b. p. Zaffa, agst Mr. Tyssen's (Mr. Bliss) w. b. p. T Fly.—Undecided.

15. Mr. Page's blk. b. a. Bess, beat Mr. Wright's (Lord Maynard's) blk. b. a. V. Zingar.

16. Mr. Wright's (Lord Maynard's) blk. and w. b. a. V. Actress, beat Mr. Page's blk. b. a. Bessy.

Thursday, Jan. 7.

WESTLEY FIELD.

Mr. Wright's greyhound, rec. ft. from Mr. Upcher's greyhound.

1. Mr. Redhead's Lovely, beat Capt. Wyatt's X Jane.

2. Captain Wyatt's X Juniper, beat Mr. Redhead's Lightning.

3. Captain Wyatt's X Jasper, agst Mr. Wright's Valiant.—Undecided.

4. Mr. Page's blk. b. p. Beauty, beat Mr. Wright's r. and w. b. p. Vermin.

5. Mr. Wright's Venus, agst Mr. Tyssen's Trifle.—Undecided.

6. Mr. Goodlake's Gamecock, beat Mr. Tyssen's Telemachus.

7. Captain Wyatt's X Johnny, beat Mr. J. Wright's Sampson.

8. Captain Wyatt's X Janus, rec. ft. from Mr. J. Kemp's bl. and w. d. p. Friday.

9. Mr. Page's Blue Beard, agst Mr. Tyssen's (Bliss's) bl. d. T Nestor.—Undecided.

10. Lord Rivers's Repulse, agst Admiral Wilson's (Sir A. Bertie's) U Cora. No course, two hares.

11. Mr. Page's yel. b. a. Blossom, agst Mr. Tyssen's (Bliss's) T School Lass. Undecided.

12. Mr. Wilkinson's Zarina, beat Admiral Wilson's (Sir A. Bertie's) U Yarico.

13. Mr. Page's cream-coloured d. p. Boxer, agst Mr. Tyssen's (Bliss's) blk. d. p. Neptune.—Undecided.

14. Captain Wyatt's X Junius, beat Admiral Wilson's (Sir A. Bertie's) U Crib.

15. Mr. Wright's Vigo, beat Mr. Tyssen's (Bliss's) T Fly.

16. Mr. Jones's Jet, beat Mr. Tyssen's (Bliss's) blk. and w. d. T School Boy.

17. Mr. Tyssen's Telemachus, beat Mr. Goodlake's Gamecock.

18. Lord Rivers's Remus, agst Mr. Northey's Nimble.—Undecided.

Friday, Jan. 8.

SECOND CHEVELEY FIELD.

Mr. Redhead's two p. rec. ft. from Mr. Upcher's two p.

1. Lord Rivers's blk. and w. b. p. Ringdove, beat Mr. Wright's Venus.

2. Mr. Jones's Jewel, beat Sir P. Blake's Endor.

3. Lord Rivers's blk. b. p. Rebecca, beat Mr. Redhead's Leveret.

4. Lord Rivers's Regent, beat Sir P. Blake's Express.

5. Mr. Dover's Dart, beat Capt. Wyatt's X Johnny.

6. Mr. Wright's Valiant, beat Lord Rivers's Racket.

7. Sir P. Blake's Eve, beat Mr. J. Wright's Skip.

8. Sir P. Blake's Embassy, agst Mr. Jones's Jet.—Undecided.

9. Captain Wyatt's X Justice, beat Mr. Syer's Principium.

10. Mr. Syer's Pickle, beat Capt. Wyatt's X Junius.

11. Mr.

11. Mr. Tyssen's Telemachus, beat Lord Rivers's Rinaldo.
12. Mr. J. Wright's Stella, beat Sir P. Blake's Emerald.
13. Mr. Wright's Virgin, beat Lord Rivers's Royal.
14. Mr. Wilkinson's Zelia, beat Sir P. Blake's Evil.
15. Lord Rivers's w. b. p. Rattler, beat Mr. Redhead's blk. d. p. Lounger.
16. Mr. Redhead's Lydia, beat Lord Rivers's fallow b. p. Rapp.
17. Mr. Redhead's Lively, beat Capt. Wyatt's X Jane.
18. Captain Wyatt's X Janus, beat Mr. J. Kemp's Friday.
19. Mr. Wilkinson's Zeno, beat Mr. Mellish's (Lord Maynard's) Œ Actress.
20. Captain Wyatt's X Jesse, agst Mr. Mellish's (Lord Maynard's) Œ Fly.—Undecided.
21. Mr. Wilkinson's Zarina, beat Mr. Mellish's (Lord Maynard's) Œ Zingara.
22. Mr. Tyssen's (Mr. Bliss's) T School Lass, beat Mr. Page's Boxer.

Saturday, Jan. 9.

SECOND CHIPPENHAM FIELD.

1. Lord Rivers's blk. p. b. Ruby, beat Mr. Micklethwait's d. p.
2. Mr. Tyssen's Trifle, beat Mr. Page's Best.
3. Mr. Syer's Principium, beat Mr. James's Ithaca.
4. Lord Rivers's Rye, agst Sir P. Blake's Endor.—Undecided.
5. Sir P. Blake's Express, beat Mr. Page's Beauty.
6. Mr. Dover's Dart, beat Mr. James's Indigo.
7. Sir P. Blake's Eve, beat Mr. Page's Bessy.
8. Mr. Mellish's (Lord Hilsentown's) Œ Jasper, agst Sir P. Blake's Embassy.—Undecided.
9. Lord Rivers's Repulse, agst Mr. Northey's Nimble.——No course.
10. Lord Rivers's Rouse, agst Mr. Northey's Fly.—No course.
11. Lord Rivers's Rachel, agst Mr. Northey's Nip.—No course.
12. Mr. Tyssen's (Mr. Bliss's) School Lass, beat Mr. Mellish's Œdipus.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE ORKNEY ISLANDS.

THE Natural History of Orkney and Shetland, has lately been given to the public in a volume, entitled, "Fauna Orcadensis; or, the Natural History of the Quadrupeds, Birds, Reptiles, and Fishes, of Orkney and Shetland. By the late Rev. George Low, Minister of Birsa and Haray. From a manuscript in the possession of W. E. Leach, M. D. F. L. S. &c."

The Volume is dedicated to Sir Joseph Banks, with whom, as well as the late Mr. Pennant, the deceased author of this work was in habits of intimacy. For the amusement of our readers, and to enable them to form their own judgment of the style in which the Natural History is executed, we shall occasionally make a few extracts into our Magazine, beginning with

THE HORSE.

The Orkney breed of horses is but small, being that used in the Highland shires of Scotland, such as Caithness, Sutherland, &c. but, when properly taken care of, are neat, brisk, and hardy; well adapted to the nature of our uneven country; can bear much more fatigue than the large south-country horses brought hither; and, in a word,

a word, serve well every purpose of the farmer. Some time ago the Orkney men had a vast prejudice against keeping mares, and raised none of their own horses, which were all imported, at a vast expence, from the northern shires of Scotland; but within these six or seven years, they seem pretty much to have got over this whim, and every man rears as he can afford, which will save yearly some thousand pounds to the country. The shelties mentioned by Buchanan, and described by Sir Robert Sibbald as no larger than asses, and said to be common both to Orkney and Zetland, are at present confined to the latter, where they still preserve their character of excellent work-beasts: they bring a very few of them to Orkney, but more are sent to other parts of the kingdom, being purchased as curiosities, and to teach children to ride, though their strength is such, that they can carry a man with ease for a long while together. The price of Orkney horses is high, considering the country; indeed, I am often surprised how a farmer here can afford 5, 6, 8, or 10l. sterling for a horse, and purchase the number many of them keep, especially when I reflect on the little profit many of them make of their farms, which, though greater in some parts of the country than others, is by far less than might be, had they proper markets to bring the produce of them to. Asses are scarce ever seen in the Orkneys, and mules, I dare say, never.*

THE DOG.

THERE are several varieties of the dog kind to be found here, as elsewhere, trained for different purposes, as the water and land spaniels for fowling, and curs for giving warning by barking; but the most common are the shepherd's dog, and mongrels from it, called in general collys, or sheep-dogs. These are trained up to a sport, which, (says Mr. Wallace) is "both strange and delectable," namely, hunting of sheep. The master of the dog has him in his arms, and points out the sheep, which he very nimbly seizes from all the flock, and, without much hurt, detains it till released by his master. This custom had its inconveniencies, and oft times it happened, as it does still, that the dog which could seize a sheep for his master, could do the same for himself. To prevent this, in the country acts, it was statute, 'That nae man shall keep running dogis, that runs frae house to house, or through the country, cheasing their neighbours sheip;" and this under the highest penalties.

Foxes or wolves, I dare say, never had a footing in Orkney.

THE OTTER.

OTTERS are found very frequent in these islands, burrowing in the banks

* In addition to the history of the horse, I shall insert what the writer of the Husbandrie used by the Orchadians says of these in Orkney: "Their horses lieves on beare calfe, and grows exceeding fat on the same; they be very little, but quick and fierie." To which Mr. M'Kaile adds, with truth, "The horses are little, and go all barefoot, unless the gentlemen put shoes upon the horses upon which they ride themselves."—P.

banks of the sea, as well as those of the fresh-water lakes. I was lately informed of a pair who made a drain under a house in Kirkwall their haunt. They live upon cod-fish, conger-eel, or other fish in the sea, and trout in the fresh waters are very delicate; eat only the best parts of the fish, leaving the rest to be picked up by the country people. They always shut their eyes while eating; are often then surprised and killed. A young gentleman in the neighbourhood lately told me, he observed one on a sea rock at his meal, upon which he walked straight up to him, and, with a blow of a cudgel, so stunned him, that he put a strong rope about his neck, and led him home. Another man, who had wounded one with small shot, was not so lucky, for, on his appearing to be lifeless, he threw him over his shoulder to carry him home; he had not gone far before the animal recovered, and, before he was aware, bit him most severely. Indeed, their bite is always very hard. I was informed of a struggle between a wounded one, and a strong water-spaniel, in the water: upon the latter's seizing him to drag him ashore, he fastened on the spaniel's leg, and in a moment snapt the bone to pieces.

The otter's skin is an article of our exports, and when killed in winter is valuable; however, I am told by many they are much scarcer than formerly. Skins sell here for about six shillings a piece, if in season.*

I have seen those killed in the sea, as well as fresh-water lakes, but can observe no difference, notwithstanding Linnæus tells us they never are seen in the sea.

THE SEAL.

Seals with us are very numerous, especially in the desert isles, or sea rocks, that are separated from the land; here they lie, while the sea is low, in droves, and in season bring forth their young. Not having a specimen before me, I shall give that of my honoured friend Mr. Pennant, as published in his works, to which, and his correspondence upon any difficulty, I have been often and much obliged, and think myself happy in having it in my power to return him, in this manner, my most grateful acknowledgments, for the countenance he has all along shewn me in the prosecution of this work, and ever since I had the honour to be known to him.

"The head and nose broad and flat, like those of the otter; the neck short and thick; the eyes large and black; tongue forked at the end; nostrils oblong; on each side the nose were several long stiff hairs, (these in the specimens I have seen are undulated); and above each eye were a few of the same kind; two canine teeth in each jaw; six cutting teeth in the upper jaw, four in the lower; no external ears; body covered with hair; short tail; toes furnished with strong and sharp claws; colour various, dusky, sand-coloured, brinded, spotted with white or yellow; the hair of the old ones is thick, short, and glossy; that of the young, long, white, and woolly."

* In Shetland they are very plentiful, and valuable. They transport the fur to Hamburgh, and sell them from six to twelve shillings a piece.

The

The largest seal I ever saw in Orkney measured, from the point of the nose to the hinder claws, eight feet.

The seal swims with vast rapidity, and before a gale of wind is full of frolic, jumping and tumbling about, sometimes wholly throwing itself above water, performing many awkward gambols, and at last retiring to its wonted rock, or cavern, which it keeps possession of (if undisturbed by man) from its own species. I have seen them often pushing one another down, and there continue till the storm is over. Seals seem to have a great deal of curiosity: if people are passing in boats, they often come quite close up to the boat, and stare at them, following for a long time together; if people are speaking loud, they seem to wonder what may be the matter. The church of Hoy, in Orkney, is situated near a small sandy bay, much frequented by these creatures; and I observed when the bell rung for divine service, all the seals within hearing swam directly for the shore, and kept looking about them, as if surprised, rather than frighted; and in this manner continued to wonder, as long as the bell rung.

Numbers of seals are yearly caught about our coasts, both with nets and shot, for the sake chiefly of the skins and oil, though I am credibly informed, in North Ronaldsha they take them for another purpose, namely, for eating; and they say they make good ham. I have seen numbers of them cut up, and have no doubt but the young ones may eat tolerably well, but the large and old ones must be very ordinary feeding, because the flesh is both black and very coarse-grained.

There is a ship commonly goes from this place once a year to Solis-kerry, and seldom returns without 200 or 300 seals. She is manned with between thirty and forty men, who, as soon as they come up with the rock, land (except a few left to keep the ship, and receive what the others kill), and immediately surround what seals are then on it. One, party armed with clubs, fall to knocking them on the head, and another set to jacking, *i. e.* cutting off the skin, together with the blubber on it, while the others put it on board. They continue thus as long as they have any thing to do, and, when all is over, immediately set sail, otherwise they are in danger from the weather; if it blows up there is no such thing as getting into their boats. When they arrive the jacks are divided, and sold by public auction, at about five or six shillings sterling a piece; and each man makes about thirty shillings sterling for his share, after allowing a third for the vessel, and something more than a common share for the master. After all is disposed of, the blubber is cut from the skin, and boiled into oil, which sells well, and with profit to the merchant. The skins are pinned to the walls of houses till dry, and are then sold to the trunk-makers and others, for eightpence or one shilling a piece, small and great.

The young and smaller seals yield the most oil; the largest are good for little, except the skin; indeed, our seal-catchers seldom care for killing the old ones, where they can have the others.

Our tanners dress the seal's skin both for shoes and breeches, but they do not answer very well for the former, being soft and spungy; when properly managed, do well for

for breeches. They are likewise dressed with the hair on, for saddle-covers, and I have seen very beautiful ones made into waistcoats.

Seals seem to be subject to a plague, or murrain. About four years ago they drove ashore round our coasts in scores; likewise in Caithness, many of them were found dead. They were observed to cough much, make a sort of plaintive noise, and when they died and drove ashore were much swelled, and appeared as if very fat, but when cut up were nothing but skin and bone.

The places where seals abound most in Orkney are, the Skerries of Hoy, North Ronaldsha, and others of the north isles; the Barrel of Butter; Pightland Skerries, and several other holms of the south division of the islands; but they are to be found round all the flatter coasts, and the caverns of the sea.

THE RABBIT.

MANY of the islands of Orkney swarm with rabbits. Their skins make a considerable article in trade; are very profitable to the proprietors of sandy grounds on this account, and their flesh; though I am afraid, upon calculation, it would be found the mischief they do, both in corn and grass grounds, by boring and subjecting them to blowing, is not counterbalanced by the profits of the warrens; but it often happens that present advantage makes us overlook future inconvenience.—The rabbits here are all of a brownish grey; it sometimes happens, though seldom, a white one is seen; but the former is the prevailing colour, with the belly lighter. Those that keep constantly in the mountains are in winter hoary. At this season the fur is most valuable, and each skin is sold here for fourpence or fivepence, but when brought to a proper market will fetch sixpence.

The rabbit is very prolific, breeds many times a year, and, indeed, except in the dead of winter, we seldom see them without young ones. They are but tender, and sometimes sink under our winters*; a long snow either smothers or starves them in their holes; but a season recruits them, and they swarm as much as ever.

When confined to their holes by storm, live on the roots of grass, which they dig through the sand in search of; and sometimes forced to the farmers' yards in quest of food; and I have seen in this rigorous season, the leaves of the water-flag pared as far as the frost would allow by them, which at no other season they meddle with. They are often forced down to the sea to feed on the ware, which, in very hard seasons, gives their flesh a bad taste, and often kills them.

The rabbit is a poor defenceless creature, and had not nature furnished it with strong muscular limbs, and a vast inclination to burrowing, would be open to the attacks of every enemy; as it seems to have less swiftness or cunning than the hare, and but little strength to defend itself, even from the most inconsiderable of the beasts or birds of prey. Its ordinary enemies are the eagles, hawks, ravens, and even hooded-crows and owls, among the birds; otters (as I am credibly informed),

* Which are none of the most severe.

formed), dogs, and, to my knowledge, none more mischievous among them than the domestic cats, an unsuspected enemy amongst an unsuspecting (of them at least) people: besides, the many inventions of men, such as snares, nets, guns, &c. all pointed at the life of this poor animal, who passes its life in a continual uneasiness, and seldom enjoys an undisturbed hour.

Sir Robert Sibbald, p. 11. Scot. Illus. P. II. gives us a white hare. "In Orcadibus (says he), reperitur crinibus candorum nivalem referentibus." Whether there was such an animal found here when Sir Robert wrote, I know not, but there is none such now, nor is there a hare of any kind to be found in the Orkneys.*

SIR MONTAGU BURGOYNE'S HARIERS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

SHOULD you consider the following worthy insertion in your interesting publication, it may prove to your readers, that from care and attention to "rear, feed, hunt, and discipline the pack," the most pleasing and happy consequences will result; and I trust, convince them, as it has me, that only truth and steadiness can make the blood fly.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. RACE.

Stratton Lodge, near Biggleswade, Beds, Jan. 5, 1813.

Sir Montagu Burgoyne's harriers, (Bedfordshire) have lately had uncommon success, having four days in the last week, run five brace and a half of hares, a brace of which, notwithstanding their stoutness, only have beat. One of them was found at Eyeworth, and passing over Wrestlingworth Field, she ran a ring round Tadlow Grounds, and crossing the river into Cambridgeshire, ran through the parishes of Great and Little Morden, through Shingy Pastures, pointing for Wendy Spinnies, where being headed, she returned into Little Morden Field, and bore to the left to Abington Inclosures, where the hounds running from scent to view, ran into and killed her near the church; Mr. Wells, who hunts them, having during the whole chase, made but one cast. They also killed in the last season *fifty-three brace of hares*, in a heavy country, abounding with "greasy fallows and frequented roads."

TRIAL OF AN ACTION FOR A LIBEL,

In the Court of King's Bench, Guildhall, before Lord Ellenborough, and a Special Jury.

Benjafield *v.* Wheble.

AS this trial has reference in various parts of it to the name of Mr. Richard Tattersall, grandfather of the present young men at Hyde-Park-Corner, and of whom some Biographical sketches were given

* Torfæus says (p. 136.) there were hares (lepores) in Orkney, and that the hunting of them was the amusement of the Counts; but whether we are to understand by this term rabbits, I am uncertain, as he uses a word for deer in another place, (p. 140), which is now commonly put for the rein-deer, an animal probably never a native of Great Britain.

given in former Numbers of our Miscellany, written by the late Counsellor Phillips, we conceive it a subject not wholly destitute of interest to the Sporting World.—Mr. Phillips was a member of the Jockey Club, and for some time in the close confidence of Mr. Tattersall.—In our Number for January, 1795, this same subject of the negociation between Weltjie and Benjafield is freely and without reserve spoken of. Our wish at present is not to enter into any controversy relative to the merits of the case, but merely to give the trial as taken in short hand, leaving our readers to form their own judgment thereon.

NAMES OF THE JURY.

Edw. Townsend, Lime-street.
John Taylor, Wood-street.
Geo. Stevenson, Bow-lane.
Rich. Noble, St. Mary-at-hill.
J. Mills, John's Coffee-house.
Wm. Rose, Maiden-lane.
J. M'Kenzie, Bishopsgate-street.
John Discombe, Cornhill.
James Asperne, Cornhill.
Thomas Blunt, Cornhill.
Wm. Martin, Cornhill.
A. S. Gordon, Fish-street-hill.

This was an action against Mr. Wheble, (a Common Councilman of the Corporation of London) as Printer and Publisher of the *County Chronicle and Weekly Advertiser*, for a libel in that paper of the 3d of March, 1812; to which the defendant pleaded *Not Guilty*, and a justification that the charges contained in the said libel were specifically true.

Mr. Solicitor-General stated the plaintiff's case, who, he said, was now a Magistrate for the county of Suffolk, residing at Bury St. Edmunds. He had been originally an Officer of the King's Yeomen of the Guard, and subsequently obtained a commission in the Kent Militia, through the late Duke of Dorset. In the year 1788 he was Editor of the *Morning Post*, which he conducted at the time of the then prospective Regency, on account of that illness from which his Majesty happily recovered. He soon parted with his shares in that newspaper, however, to Mr. Tattersall, and retired into the county of Suffolk, of which he had been many years a Magistrate. In a controversy respecting the committeeship of a lunatic, into which it was not necessary for the Solicitor-General to enter, circumstances occurred which gave rise to the following libel, for which the defendant was responsible, as he had not given up its author; but of which the Solicitor-General did not suppose him to be the author: he only wished he could discover that author.

"Captain Benjafield, formerly Editor of the *Morning Post*, has been charged by his brother Magistrates of Bury St. Edmund's with obtaining, during his editorship, an annuity from the Prince of Wales, for the suppressing of articles sent to that paper, reflecting on his Royal Highness and a certain Lady. This Mr. B. for a time, positively denied, but upon investigation, and the production of two explanatory letters from Earl Moira and Captain Cocksedge, the fact was completely established. The annuity, it is true, did not appear in the Prince's household accounts; but was granted through Mr. Weltjie to the late Mr. Tattersall, the other proprietor of the *Morning Post*; and from Mr. Tattersall, and subsequently his Executors, Mr. Benjafield has continued to receive the annuity for more than twenty years."

The publication of the libel, and the defendant's responsibility, were first proved, when

Mr. John Wayman being called, said

said he had been five years Clerk to the Magistrates in the hundreds of Thingo and Thedwastry, and had known the plaintiff for that time as a Magistrate for the county of Suffolk. He had known him personally since 1800.

Upon his cross-examination, Mr. Holt, who was leading Counsel for the defendant, was permitted to ask the witness, whether he had ever heard the charge which was made against the plaintiff, before it was made by the defendant; Lord Ellenborough holding, that if the charge was very notorious, it might mitigate the damage, although it could not justify. The Solicitor-General argued *contra;* but his Lordship was clear, that if it could be proved that the defendant was not the originator of the charge, it would repel the malignity to a certain extent. The witness proved that the charge was the subject of pretty general conversation, previously to January, 1812; but at the same time Lord Ellenborough said, that these conversations might be the rebound of the defendant's own slander.

Mr. Holt then submitted to his Lordship, that, however the offence had been dressed up by the Solicitor-General, it did not, in point of law, amount to a libel.

Mr. E. Lawes, the defendant's Counsel, submitting that there was no evidence of identity, Mr. Wayman was re-called, and proved that he had often heard the plaintiff called Captain Benjafield.

Mr. Holt then addressed the Jury on the part of the defendant, and began by stating the distinct remedies for libel, by indictment or information, in order to preserve the peace, and in which case the peace was equally broken whether the libel was true or false. But, when the injury of the alledged libel was to the reputation or property of the individual, the remedy was by an action similar to the present, in which the plaintiff states his injury, and presents himself before a Jury for pecuniary compensation. The ground of his action is the quantum of injurious damage which he has sustained by the libellous matter.—It was their duty, therefore, to inquire, how much of his rightful character Mr. Benjafield had lost, and what was the value of it. It was evident, if the matter of the alledged libel were truly imputed to the plaintiff, there was no such injurious damage as he complains of by his Counsel this day. The basis of his action is his character; if therefore he (Mr. Holt) should be able to shew that, as far as respected the present charge (beyond which he made no incursion into the character of the plaintiff), Mr. Benjafield had no character to lose, he had evidently no basis, no foundation for his present action. How could that be said to be impaired which was before destroyed? How could an action of damage be brought for a thing which did not exist? As well might one of the unfortunate frail vagrants of the street come before a Jury with a claim for pecuniary damages, for aspersions thrown upon her chastity. If, therefore, he should be enabled to shew, for he assured the Solicitor-General that he was not the agent of another man's malice, nor the instrument of any libellous confederacy against the peace and good name of the plaintiff—if he should be enabled to shew, strictly confining himself to the matter of the present charge, that the plaintiff had therein extinguished his own reputation; that, if not in the exact shape and form, yet, in the full and liberal substance, he had done all with which he had been charged, and

and which Mr. Benjafield this day denies, otherwise he had no ground for the present action; if he should shew all this, the justification would be made out and sustained, and the defendant entitled to their verdict. —Mr. Benjafield would then appear to have suffered no injury, but what, by the previous destruction of his own character, by his own act, he had brought upon himself. Mr. Holt said, that he would venture to assume, that his Lordship would direct the Gentlemen of the Jury, that if a man had degraded himself, had misconducted himself, had acted unworthily in his particular calling, and offensively to the general system of society, and another should choose to publish what he had so done, as an example and warning to others, although the publisher was clearly answerable in a criminal proceeding against him, yet, in an action brought for the private damage, the defendant had a right to put a justification upon the records of the Court, and to maintain that what he had written was correct and true. For it was no such calumny as constituted a private injury if the charge were founded in truth; and a justification was the most manly way of meeting the action. It was, upon the part of the defendant, a bold and honest avowal, in the face of his country and the Court, that he was conscious of no falsehood. And if the defendant should fail a trifle in his justification; if, in animadverting upon a large extent of conduct, a hand's breadth of the original charge should be uncovered, nevertheless, if the defendant had written with just and honest views, with a warm sense of indignation at the slur cast upon his trade by the plaintiff's misconduct—for what Mr. Benjafield had been, the Proprietor of a newspaper, Mr. Wheble, was now; if he had written from these views and feelings, though he should fail a little in their justification, he would not, on that account, forfeit his claim to a verdict. But it was the duty of the Jury to look into the condition and circumstances of the plaintiff, who came before them with this complaint of his disparaged reputation. The Solicitor General had taken a wide circuit over the plaintiff's life, he had exhibited him as an officer in the army, and as a Magistrate in the county of Suffolk, but he did not venture to bring him formally, and by direct testimony, before the Court, as the Editor and Proprietor of the *Morning Post.* He preferred to abandon all the counts of his declaration, but one count, rather than venture to do this. It was reasonable, however, for the Jury to wish to know who the plaintiff really was. Perhaps he would be found, upon enquiry, to be of that virgin and maiden purity which had never before been assailed,—of that delicacy and chastity of honour which every feeling mind would supplicate the winds of Heaven not to visit too roughly. No, Gentlemen, Mr. Benjafield would be found to be a Power in the war of invective and abuse, a veteran in that combat in which he now complains of a scratch. Mr. Benjafield (he spoke only from evidence) would appear to have walked the streets of this metropolis as the prostitute of the press for twenty years.—Othello himself had not had more *hair-breadth escapes;* had not fought more gallantly in the breach, both of action and indictment, than Mr. Benjafield.—What kind of an action then is this? Is it the action of a man of clear, erect, unspotted honour, against the assailant of that honour, so justly valued, and so dearly prized? Or is it the action (his Lordship would forgive

forgive the expression) of a *Penitent Wanton* against the indecorum of her neighbour. *Penitent*, did he call him! No; he had no doubt but that he should establish by his evidence, that, so far from being penitent, Mr. Benjafield was now actually in the receipt of, and for twenty years past had been receiving, the wages of his iniquity; and he had the effrontery to come before a Jury to solicit damages for aspersions cast upon his reputation, now that he is actually in *keeping*. But it was necessary to advert to the libel itself, which the Solicitor General had dressed up with that eloquent ingenuity which he was accustomed to bestow upon a naked cause. But divested of this apparel, it was a very simple case indeed. It was necessary, perhaps, to enter into some detail which might fatigue the patience of the Court; but Mr. Holt pledged himself, that nothing should escape him injurious to the feelings, the dignity, and honour of third parties. Mr. Holt then went into the detail of the case. In the year 1788, Mr. Benjafield was a Proprietor of the *Morning Post* Newspaper, and although his interest in that paper was only two twenty-fourths, or one twelfth, yet as joint Lessee, and Editor, the whole controul and management of the publication devolved upon him. The Gentlemen of the Jury well knew what an useful article a machine like a daily paper was, in certain hands. A dramatist had not more power over his audience, through the medium of their hopes and fears, than the dexterous Editor of a Newspaper, by means of his engine, possessed over public persons. Mr. Benjafield had great skill in this way; he was a perfect Shakespeare in his art, and had no mercy in the use of his talents. He did not, indeed, with the warm and honest zeal of the defendant this day, make bold and manly charges, and then justify them. Mr. Benjafield's mode of attack was, under the hedge of inuendo, to shoot at the loftiest characters of the country, and, with the safe ammunition of stars and dashes, to keep himself out of the reach and grasp of the law by a wicked and cowardly ingenuity. The state of the *Morning Post* was at this time upon the decline; to raise the sale of a falling paper, on the 25th of December, there appeared in the *Morning Post* of that day the following paragraph:

The Solicitor-General objected to the reading of published paragraphs in former transactions of the *Morning Post*.

Lord Ellenborough confirmed the objection. In this way, any man might have his whole life ransacked, and whatever he had written, said, or done, brought forward to illustrate any specific charge. There would be no limit to this: it might take in the whole universe.

Mr. Holt said, that the libel accused the plaintiff of having obtained an annuity by suppressing certain articles, similar to that which he had been about to read, and for which a prosecution had been threatened.

The Solicitor-General protested against making the defence a vehicle for repeating slanders.

Mr. Holt proceeded to state, that the paragraphs to which he alluded, were offensive to certain persons of the Prince's household; and that Mr. Bicknell, the Solicitor to the Prince of Wales, received orders from Admiral Payne, who was then of the household, to threaten a prosecution of the paper, if it continued its libellous attacks. Mr. Benjafield, so far from desisting from them upon this notification, repeated them,

them, and poured forth a volley of invective. It was then suggested, that the only way of abating this nuisance, was to give the libeller his price.

The Solicitor-General said, that it was extremely distressing to him to be obliged to interpose to prevent this story of a negociation concerning past paragraphs of the *Morning Post*, because it would be attributed by those who did not know him, to some other motive than his anxiety for the interests of his present client; but those who knew him would give him credit for the singleness of his intentions; and what those who did not know him thought, would be no great distress to him. It was clear that this negociation respecting published paragraphs, was irrelevant; for the paragraphs alledged to be suppressed could never have been published. Was it to be endured, that all the paragraphs that had ever appeared in the *Morning Post* were to be raked up and re-read?

Mr. Holt submitted, that it was necessary for him to shew how the annuity was obtained.

Lord Ellenborough said, that it was open to the defendant in justification to prove that the charge was denied before his brother Magistrates; and that the annuity was granted to Mr. Weltjie, and was paid to the plaintiff through Mr. Tattersall and his executors; but in defending themselves, people must not erect a stage for the purpose of scattering poison and mischief upon others.

The Solicitor General added, that Counsel ought not to be put to the necessity of taking these objections.

Lord Ellenborough,—"A publication which does you credit, Mr. Holt, enables me to say that you very well know the proper limits of your duty. As for the parties to this cause, it is impossible to be otherwise than indifferent to them, at least as they have shewn themselves in this cause. All that passed at the Quarter Sessions—that the plaintiff was arraigned by his brother Magistrates—that he denied the charge—that it was established—that the annuity was paid him—all this you must prove."

Mr. Holt then proceeded to observe upon the notoriety of the charge against the plaintiff, and its frequent discussion at Bury, by the Magistrates assembled, at which town he was desired to purge himself from it, or to abstain from their meetings.—He then applied to Lord Moira, who would be called in evidence, and was very cautious in not giving him the right clue to the ascertainment of the fact of his being an annuitant of the Prince of Wales. He at first procured a testimonial from his Lordship, which he produced to the Magistrates at Bury: but Lord Moira is shortly afterwards guided to the proofs which convince him of the plaintiff's annuityship; and he indignantly writes to the plaintiff, revoking his former letter—and to the Chairman of the Quarter Sessions, correcting his former testimony. Mr. Holt said, that as it was deemed irrelevant to shew what was the source and origin of this annuity,—he should content himself with proving—first, that Mr. Benjafield had been charged with the matters of this imputed libel, which he could establish by his own (Mr. B.'s) admission; and secondly, that he was actually now receiving an annuity from the Prince of Wales—The Learned Counsel then addressed himself to the question of malice in the composition of this libel, which had been proved not to be the invention of the defendant

fendant; and lastly to the question of damage sustained by the plaintiff. Was that damage in profits of trade? —the plaintiff was not now a tradesman. Was it in the loss of his honour and dignity, or of his ease and comfort in the estimation of his equals?—no special damage was either laid or proved. He defined malice, as the unprovoked resentment of a mean and unworthy mind; and asked if such was the parent of the present paragraph. If his Lordship and the Jury should be of opinion that his justificasion had not been fully made good, it would then be for the latter to apportion their damages to the smallest possible atom of injury which such a character as the plaintiff's could receive.

The Earl of Moira deposed, that the plaintiff in the beginning of November, 1811, wrote to him requesting a meeting, and at that interview mentioned the calumny which had been reported among his brother Magistrates, respecting his having extorted from the Prince of Wales a sum of money and grant of an annuity, as a consideration for suppressing certain articles, which he had threatened to publish in his newspaper, relating to the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert. He stated to his Lordship, that there was no foundation whatever for such a calumny; but that the rumour had injured him exceedingly among his brother Magistrates. In order to rebut it, he entreated his Lordship to furnish him with a testimonial that there was no foundation for the report. His Lordship replied, that he would immediately inform himself upon the business, and take every proper step in it. The plaintiff did not inform his Lordship of any payment of annuity; so far from it, the impression was clear upon his Lordship's mind, that his whole conversation amounted to an assertion that he had not received any such payment: and his Lordship could not be deceived in putting that construction upon the conversation; for, upon referring to a copy of his Lordship's letter, written at that time, he found that he had distinctly stated such to be its tenour. After this, some Gentlemen desired to see his Lordship, and to explain certain circumstances, under which he found reason to alter his opinion, and felt himself under the painful necessity of writing to the plaintiff, requesting that the letter which his Lordship had before sent him might be restored to him; and apprising him at the same time, that as he had stated to his Lordship that the object of his application was the explanation of his conduct to his brother Magistrates, he felt it incumbent upon him to write to the Chairman of the Quarter Sessions, and explain the error into which he had been betrayed; as, upon enquiry, his Lordship did find that Mr. B. was in the receipt of an annuity, and reasons led him to believe that it was on account of the Prince of Wales: indeed many circumstances which he then ascertained, led him to infer that such was the fact.

Lord Ellenborough.—"Your Lordship ascertained enough to warrant you in your estimation in inferring that such was the fact?"

Earl Moira.—"Yes."

His Lordship then stated, that he had an immense mass of letters from Mr. B. respecting the transaction; but he did not know whether the wording of his subpœna would warrant him in producing them. Some, if not all the copies of his Lordship's letters to Mr. B. had been destroyed.

The Solicitor General objected to the production or notice of any letters

letters except those directly connected with the justification of the charge made against Captain Benjafield.

Mr. Holt then said, he was about to prove that the annuity was still paid to the plaintiff.

The Solicitor-General suggested, that he must produce the explanatory letters alluded to in the justified libel.

Lord Ellenborough said, that if he did not lay a ground for such an assertion as that which the libel justified, he would fail in the justification as to that point.

Mr. John Beardmore, executor to the late Mr. Richard Tattersall, said, that he paid an annuity to the plaintiff, through the present Mr. Tattersall. The plaintiff drew upon Mr. T. and the witness reimbursed him. The witness was reimbursed from the Duchy of Cornwall office, by Mr. Gray. He had paid this since the death of Mr. T. in 1810. The plaintiff complained of the deduction of the property-tax, by a letter to the witness, which was proved and read. The letter was directed to J. Beardmore, Esq. Queen-street, May-fair, dated Bury St. Edmund's, Dec. 23, 1810. It was to the following effect:—

"Dear Sir—I have received a letter from a Mr. Dewbery, stating, that he has been desired by the Executors of the late Mr. Tattersall only to pay me for the last half year, on my allowing the Property Tax to be deducted. Before I answer that Gentleman's letter, I must address you who know more of my transactions with Mr. Tattersall than Mr. D. My annuity was granted by Mr. T. clear of all deductions, and free from all taxes, as expressed in the deed, in fact, it expresses that I was to receive the perpetual neat sum of 350l. This was well understood both by the father and son, and both continued to pay me. I cannot consent to what is now proposed; indeed had any such regulation been in contemplation, the annuity must have been equal to 400l. instead of 350l. The agreement as well as the long practice being for the annuity of 350l. I cannot submit to any deduction; and I trust you will have the goodness to explain the matter to Mr. Dewbery, and to direct the payments to be continued as usual. In case of its being otherwise, *I shall then have no other remedy than by applying to that Personage, on whose account the annuity was granted to me, and who fully indemnified Mr. Tattersall.*—Your's, &c.

"John Benjafield."

Upon the cross-examination of this witness, by the Solicitor-General, he said, that this Mr. T. was grand-father of the present, and was a proprietor of the *Morning Post* for many years.

Mr. Richard Tattersall said, that he paid the plaintiff his annuity, and was reimbursed by the last witness.

It was admitted by the plaintiff, that the payment was made out of the Prince's privy purse.

Dr. Ord was then called by the defendant's Counsel, but did not appear.

The Solicitor-General, in reply, said, that Dr. Ord had not been subpœnaed, and that the defendant had not dared to subpœna him. He said it was notorious that the *Morning Post* had about the time of the plaintiff's secession changed its politics to the Anti-Ministerial, and ascribed this to Mr. Tattersall's becoming a proprietor: he attributing the annuity to the officious zeal of some of his Royal Highness's Household, in desiring Mr. Tattersall to make the bargain with the plaintiff,

plaintiff, and get rid of him as Editor. The question was, whether the annuity was granted for suppressing any paragraphs: the Solicitor-General would have defied them to have proved the Prince of Wales's consent or privity to such a measure. The defendant's Counsel might have examined Lord Moira, who had always been in his Royal Highness's confidence, as to that circumstance. The Prince of Wales might have considered himself under an honourable engagement to reimburse all those who had been over-foolish and over zealous in his service: but he defied any one to prove that one shilling of his Royal Highness's money had been expended for such a purpose. If such a question had been asked from any of those persons, he should not have had occasion to reply. He wished that Mr. Benjafield, if he had known the fact, had always stated it correctly. The thing that was most distressing to him was, that he could be even suspected of taking a bribe *not* to wound the feelings of others; the foulest charge that could be made against the Conductor of a Paper. He did not seek for vindictive damages, nor did he even state that the defendant had been led by malice, but only that he had lent his powerful machine to disseminate calumny against others. He came here to vindicate his character against that specific charge, and should rest satisfied whatever might be the damages they thought proper to allow.

Lord Ellenborough summed up for the Jury. Having stated the libel and the circumstances attending its publication, his Lordship observed, that the defendant had in the first place pleaded *not guilty*, which was denying the publication of a libel; and secondly, he had entered a justification of what he had published, by stating that he only published what he could prove to be true. The libel in this instance, it was true, was to be distinguished from a libel which was prosecuted by indictment or information. In the present case, if the whole had been proved to be true, then would the defendant be warranted in entering his justification; but for such justification to avail him any thing, he must prove the truth of *every specific part* of it. But had the defendant proved the truth of *all* its specific parts? In the first place it was said in the publication, that his brother Magistrates had made the charge against Mr. B. Now that fact had not been proved, and yet it might have been proved by calling Dr. Ord. Then it said that Mr. B. had for a time positively denied the charge; but the fact of such transitory denial had not been proved. The defendant ought to have proved these specific parts of the publication; which, however, he had not done; and the letters had not been produced, for they had been destroyed. Nor does it appear that the annuity was granted through Mr. Weltjie, and that Mr. Benjafield has received it for more than twenty years; but it appears that an annuity from Mr. Tatersall's executors was paid. Such a justification, therefore, fails in point of proof, which reduces this matter to a question of damages. It is a question then merely for your consideration, what is the proper amount of damages that the plaintiff had sustained by this libel? The first witness says that he ha known the plaintiff to be a Magistrate for this county for five years, and that he has heard conversation as to the subject of the libel. It is to a certain degree for your consideration, whether a man instituting a charge anew,

anew, originating from himself, or circulating it when made by others, makes any difference, if he be at the same time the original circulator by publication. The principal evidence in this case is that of Lord Moira, who has been called for the defendant. (Here his Lordship recapitulated the evidence of the Noble Earl, and other witnesses for the defendant.)—Now, Gentlemen, that this annuity was granted by Mr. Tattersall to the plaintiff, there can be no doubt. Whether it were for the transfer of the share, or for what purpose, does not appear; the libel states that it was for this suppression of certain paragraphs injurious to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; in order to shew that, it should have been proved that articles of that nature were actually suppressed, so that in this particular the justification fails, except that an annuity was paid, proceeding from his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and paid through Tattersall and his executors to the plaintiff, for it was admitted that the payment of the money was made out of his Royal Highness's privy purse.—Such, Gentlemen, is the nature of the evidence that has been adduced, and upon this case certainly the defendant stands undefended as to the libel in question, his justification having failed; all the particulars of a defendant's justification must in such a case be fully proved; they have not been proved, and you will therefore find a verdict for the plaintiff. As to the quantum of damages, I shall say little to you; you have all the circumstances of the case before you. It appears that it is stated, that the plaintiff had taken money to suppress a paragraph which we are to suppose was calumnious against the persons to whom it pointed; that, however, is not proved, but the imputation is such as would be destructive of the purity of that fame which a Magistrate or any private individual must aim at possessing, as there cannot be a worse, or a more dishonourable offence, than that of obtaining money either for the purposes of publishing or suppressing defamation and calumny. By this sort of defamation, however, Mr. B. the plaintiff in this case, has sustained injury: you will therefore consider what damages are justly due to him. If this imputation had been made upon a person of entire and pure fame, it would certainly have deducted from that entirety and purity.

The Jury, after a short consultation, however, found their—*Verdict for the defendant.*

SPORTING FRACAS.

AT the Quarter Sessions for the County of Middlesex, held on Wednesday, the 13th instant, Hugh Smith was indicted for an assault on John Warrington; there was also a cross-indictment against John Warrington and —— Pearson, for assaulting Hugh Smith. It appeared by the statement of the Counsel and the evidence produced, that on the 9th of August last the prosecutor, John Warrington, who is the son of the Rev. Mr. Warrington, of Ealing, and a student at Oxford, was trying a gun, in a field belonging to Mr. Wood, the master of Smith; he was shooting at swallows, in company with a Mr. Cox, and Pearson, his butler, was in attendance.—Smith came to them in a great passion, and said, "I have been looking for you a long time, and now, d—n your eyes, I have caught you." He also swore he would have

have the gun. Mr. Cox had the gun, and Mr. Warrington took it and gave it to Pearson. Smith then struck at the prosecutor, with the butt end of his gun, and prosecutor immediately knocked him down.—The prisoner in an instant jumped up and levelled his gun at the prosecutor, at the same time swearing he would blow his bowels out. The prosecutor on this retreated, and the prisoner took up a stone and threw it at him; it struck him a severe blow on the hip, and caused lameness; a second stone struck him on the back. Enraged by this, the prosecutor rushed forward, wrested the gun from the prisoner, and knocked him down. The prosecutor acknowledged that he afterwards pulled off his coat, and challenged to fight the prisoner, who declined.

The prisoner declared, that on his coming into the field, the prosecutor accosted him in very opprobrious language, and first struck him. He described the prosecutor as a first-rate *miller*; and that he had knocked him down at every blow; and that, when the blood began to flow, the prosecutor said, "there d—n your eyes, I've *tapped* your *vessel*, how d'ye like it?"—This was denied by the evidence for the prosecution.

Mr. Watson, who presided, summed up and explained the nature of an assault to the Jury, who immediately found Smith *guilty*, and *acquitted* the others.

The Chairman, in passing sentence, said, that the prisoner had acted in the capacity of a gamekeeper to Mr. Wood, and it was right for all such persons to know that they were not authorised to take a gun from any person shooting on the land of their employers. If the prisoner had taken the gun in question, he might have been tried for a very different offence—it would perhaps have been a felony; the prisoner had been guilty of an assault, and the Court sentenced him to be imprisoned one month.

THE REVENGEFUL GAMESTER.

THE following melancholy affair, is derived from a Letter lately received by the friends of one of our Officers serving in Spain:

"*Alicant, Nov.* 2.—On the evening of the 31st of October, a Spanish Officer quartered in this city, had lost at the game of billiards 3000 dollars to Lieutenant Foley of the 58th regiment. Immediately afterwards, the cowardly Spaniard meditated the perpetration of the foulest crime that man is capable of committing, and having resolved on the execution of his murderous design, he withdrew, apparently in good humour, and concealed himself in a dark passage, leading from the billiard-room to the street; Lieutenant Foley shortly after was returning home to his apartments, and on his going through the passage where the Spanish Officer had concealed himself, the murderous assassin stabbed him through the heart with a stiletto. Of the mortal wound the brave Irishman instantly expired, and his murderer has effected his escape.

"Lieutenant Foley was born at Killarney, and was a young Officer of great promise—he particularly distinguished himself in Egypt, and in several engagements in the Peninsula; he was universally esteemed by his brother Officers, who have felt so highly incensed at the manner in which their brave fellow soldier was basely slain, that they offered a reward

reward of 5000l. for the apprehension of his murderer. It was generally supposed that the ruffian had deserted to the French Army, and, in order, if possible, to detect him, a flag of truce was sent to their camp. The French Officers, holding in abhorrence so foul a deed, tendered to the English every possible assistance that might lead to the discovery of the assassin, who has yet eluded the vigilance of their search.

THE STAGE COACHMEN AND THE PUGILISTS.

THE spirit of opposition in Stage-coach proprietors has been carried to a greater pitch in this country than any thing else, such as running against horse flesh, reducing their prices till they have actually carried passengers for nothing, and in some instances they have treated people with a dinner and a bottle of wine, but in a recent case they have actually had a regular fight for the coach, the "Royal Leeds Union," which, till within these few days, used to put up at the White Horse Inn, in Fetter-lane; but in consequence of a dispute between the proprietors of that Inn, and those in the country, they determined on discontinuing to let it run to the White Horse, and ordered it to be driven to the Angel Inn, in Angel-street, St. Martin's-le-Grand. This so enraged the proprietors of the White Horse Inn, that they determined on bringing the coach to the Inn by force, and for that purpose employed some prize-fighters, coachmen, guards, &c. &c. and on Saturday, the 26th ult. they were sent in post-chaises from London to Barnet, being the last stage previous to its arrival in town.

The coach arrived at Barnet between one and two o'clock; the change of horses to take it to the Angel Inn were in readiness, as were also a set of horses to take it to the White Horse Inn, when a general fight took place between the partisans of the two Inns, as to which horses should be put to. It lasted for a considerable time, during which several black eyes and bloody noses were given, and teeth knocked out. Jay, the prize-fighter, had a black eye given and a tooth knocked out.

It being discovered who Jay was, and that Power, another of his fraternity, were engaged in the affray on the part of the White Horse Inn—the coachman and guard belonging to the Angel Inn, declared it in vain to continue the contest with them; and in consequence hostilities ceased, and the White Horse Inn party carried off the coach, but not without experiencing many difficulties. Some of the passengers refused to proceed with it. The coach was drove to the White Horse Inn. On Sunday, the 27th ult. it left London from the same inn; but when it got to Hatfield, such was the spirit of opposition there, that it could not procure a change of horses, and it was actually obliged to return to London.

By the activity of Adkins and Pearkes, the Bow-street officers, and some of the patrole, Jay and Power, the prize-fighters; George Elliott, a coachman; John Merchant, a coachman; Charles Turner, a guard; Robert Cook, a guard; James Buckingham, a horse-keeper; and Stephen Goodwin, a horse-keeper, of the White Horse Inn party, were taken into

 custody,

custody, and held to bail for the violent assault on James Williams and John Boyle, the coachman and guard belonging to the Angel Inn.

TURF AND OTHER BLUNDERISMS,

Clipping and Coining, and Improving of English, from Ignorance and Learned Affectation.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

PERHAPS nothing of this kind was ever more neat and genuine than the following, for which I am indebted to an Honourable Baronet, long distinguished upon the turf, and no less for an open heart, and a mind truly susceptible of all the pleasures of a good joke. There was formerly upon the turf a horse named ALCIDES, I think got by Regulus. The grooms and jockies, when they came to read this name, demurred, in the true style of John Bull, to the outlandish pronunciation, which they had heard from their superiors, to wit, AL-CI-DES, and determined, *nem. con.* on the superior English propriety of pronouncing the word ALL-SIDES. To crown the joke, the horse was remarkably long and flat sided!

Another horse, some years afterwards, was named IL PENSEROSO, which words were adroitly converted by the above cited authority, into SPENSER THE GROCER, by which convenient and euphonically compounded appellation, the racer was ever afterwards distinguished. The vulgar, indeed, as all observers of life and manners well know, have ever been great reformers of language, and by no means always from blunders, as might well be supposed, but full as frequently for *the nonce*, or of their own heads, altering the cut and form and figure of a word, adding or subtracting a letter, as to their refined sense of hearing may seem best. For example, they took a liberty of this kind to improve the pronunciation of the names of two racers, belonging to Sir Charles Bunbury, Diomed and Giantess. The first they invariably pronounced DI-OM-MED, the latter GI-AN-TESS.

A gentleman in Hampshire, some years ago, having a large stud of sows, and being likewise in the habits of the racing stud, thought proper to bestow names upon his grunting breeders, one of which he called *Newbockentobashofax*: a young swineherd, by virtue of the qualification just described, probably feeling a difficulty in the utterance of so long a word, or that there was greater propriety in certain well known associations, readily substituted *Bacco-fish*, from which he never deviated a tittle, during the natural life of the sow, nor I dare say ever after.—In the same neighbourhood, when the name of Mendoza was popularly familiar, it was universally pronounced by the reformers, *Mundowza*.

The habitual omission, or rather through long habit, continued from father to son, inability to pronounce the *h*, in certain words, where it ought to be sounded, and of using it with a strong aspiration where it has no business, has long been a topic of ridicule upon cockneies and Yorkshiremen. Thus, says a 'Yorkshiremen,' I saw a *howl* perched upon the back of an *eifer*. It seems almost supernatural, that such a vice of articulation, should thus

thus descend from father to son, into a polished and universally learned century, and that natives of the metropolis, who have even had a good education, may be heard making *howls* at public debates, for ought I know, in Parliament, although I have never heard my old friend Sir William Curtis assert so much. Surely, this is almost as good a proof of original sin, as the universal relish for rotten cheese. The *spirited* alteration of the Polish lady's name, *Lo-dois-ka*, the subject of an English Opera, into a *Load-of-whisky*, must be in the recollection of all the play-going inhabitants of the Metropolis.

I shall conclude with an example of puppyism and affectation, from the vocabulary of our reforming play-house and newspaper critics, and the equally learned keepers of *seminaries;* among all such fashionable folk, the word *decorum*, the *o* in which, is not only in the original Latin, but in all sedate and classical English usage, as long as from hence to the door, is now minced, with the pronouncing lips screwed up like the toe of an old stocking, into *dekkŏrum*, the *o* being pronounced short. I do not pretend to say that, all the Greek and Latin derivatives in our language, follow precisely in the above respect, the custom of their originals; but yet cannot help thinking, that if a change be determined on, it ought to be in return thither, rather than in direct opposition; unless indeed, some great improvement in the sound be quite obvious; granting that consideration can be the apology of a breach of fixed rules in one language, and of uniformity in the other. In this view, supposing the necessity of change, we may just as well revert to the original Greek, in *geometry* and *geology*, by pronouncing the first syllable hard, instead of soft, as many have lately done, by changing the old accustomed English pronunciation of the word *acadĕmy*, into *acadēmy;* a change of no account in the light of improvement in the sound, and of as little consequence otherwise, since the reason on which it is grounded, does not, nor probably ever will, prevail in our language; in which, as in every other, established use and custom are paramount rules. These partial changes savour too much of the half-witted pedantry of those, who disguise some particular words, in olden—new orthography.

DESIDERATUM IN RACING PORTRAITS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I Beg leave, through the extensive channel of your Miscellany, to suggest to Sporting Gentlemen and Artists, the propriety of affixing to every portrait the name, pedigree, and date of the horse, and if he be of eminence, either as a racer or a stallion, a history of his performances. In order to avoid a blemish, the legend may be placed on the back of the canvas, which becoming a general rule, every person interested, would know where to satisfy his curiosity, and how to judge of the worth of the picture. Many, to be sure, have names on the front of the canvas, but the far greater part have not, a great disappointment to those sportsmen; I acknowledge, however, they are few,

few, who concern themselves about the form, and circumstances, attendant upon the race horses of long past times. From this general inattention, at which I have often wondered in old sportsmen, it may be easily conceived in how few years, the figure of a racer will get out of memory, and his portrait become forgotten and dead like himself; more especially those horses, of which, however highly valuable, from peculiar circumstances, the portraits were not in general circulation. For example, although the figures of Regulus, Blank, and Eclipse, are generally familiar, how few have seen those of Old Snap, and the two Tartars, (by Partner and Blaze) or even of King Herod?—and although those horses are yet within the verge of memory with our aged men of the turf, yet how little are they within the particular recollection of any such. If we recede still farther back, to the days of Partner, Old Crab, Blaze, Flying Whig, Miss Neesome, Brocklesby Betty, The Carlisle Gelding, Bonny Black, The Bald Galloway, Childers, Almanzor, Bay Bolton, Dragon, and as far probably as we can go, to Basto and Place's White Turk, how necessary it is we should possess their portraits, if we desire to know any thing of them, beyond their names and performances.—The breeders of horses, who, in the choice of their stallions and mares, are so apt to con over the old pedigrees, and to calculate upon the blood and qualities of the racers of old times, would surely find it satisfactory, to have an opportunity of contemplating a representation of their real form, size, and apparent powers. For myself, who have from early youth, been a turf enthusiast, my prejudice and attachment are so very warm towards the famous high-bred racers of which we read, that their portraits, whenever I meet with them, excite in my breast the most pleasing and interesting sensations. On the other hand, I have often the mortification of meeting with nameless portraits, representing, perhaps, horses which I so well know by names and qualification, and of which I may have often ardently desired to see the portraiture. Being at the house of a sporting friend lately, in a dining room, there was a fine portrait of a racer I had seen many years since, but could not recollect, until his name was mentioned: the next possessor of the picture, may be as ignorant of the horse intended by it as I was. In a great many houses, the families of which have belonged to the turf, there are portraits of which the names have been long since totally lost. It would be a gratification to know particularly for reasons I lately stated, to what horse the portrait at Gog-Magog really belonged, which has by some been supposed to represent the Godolphin Arabian. How far would I ride, or even walk, to be indulged with the view of original pictures of the old Montague Mare, the Byerley Turk, the Darley Arabian, Bully Rock, and the two True Blues, with their dam?—It is true, that the art of animal painting was formerly in a most depressed and wretched state, in this country, in the exact proportion indeed, as it has been in these latter times, ingenious, scientific, and elevated; but even most of our old pictures of race horses, undoubtedly possess the first-rate qualification of being correct as to likeness; and, perhaps all, done by artists of any eminence in their day,

day, have enough of it, to give sufficient general ideas of the form of the animal which they represent. I hope these observations will have some degree of influence, with the possessors of unnamed portraits, who have it in their power to remedy the defect; and I am, Sir, with many good wishes, &c. &c.

A BIT OF A JOCKEY.

Jan. 14, 1813.

FOX HUNTING IN YORKSHIRE.

THE Radsworth Foxhounds had a series of most excellent sport on the three following hunting days:

On Thursday, the 7th of January, they met at Fryston Willow Garth, and found immediately, running very quickly away towards Normanton, and in excellent terms with their fox, when they unfortunately lost, in consequence of the hounds being most shamefully over ridden. They found a second fox at Aickton Pasture, which took boldly away to Newland, round by the Gorse, skirting Aickton Pasture, towards Houghton Carr, but disdaining the cover, boldly faced the open country for Castleford, and away for Glass Houghton, leaving Weldon Wood on the left, and from thence for Fryston Plantations, with the gallant pack close at his brush he just got into a rabbit hole, whence he was dug, and given to the hounds most truly deserving him. This hunt was one of the most severe ever known in any country, having gone ten miles in thirty-five minutes. In this run gentlemen had no opportunity of over-riding their hounds, as they set all competition at defiance, for the pace they went was so killing, that very few horses could live near them, and, in consequence, both men and nags were seen dead blown and scrambling over the country in all directions. As it has of late been too much the fashion to undervalue the merits of this pack, on this occasion we beg leave to quote the celebrated line of Goldsmith—

> "And those who came to laugh remained to pray."

Messrs. Oliver, Anderton, Bland, and the second Whipper-in, led the whole way, the rest of the field, consisting of above seventy horsemen--*no where.* We may form some idea of the very great pace the hounds went, as the celebrated Leicestershire horse Ganymede laid down dead beat, and was with difficulty got to a stable.

On Saturday, the 9th of January, those hounds met at Nostell, and on trotting towards the cover, a fox was hallooed away over the park; he left Horncastle Wood to the right, over the Bottoms to Hag Wood, thence away for Badsworth to Darrington Moor, where being headed, the fox crossed the Went River, and that tremendous line of strong and deep enclosures, for Upton Beacon, leaving the Gorse on the left, over the fine grass country for Hemsworth, where the pack ran into him near Sir Francis Wood's Plantations; they went the *real pace,* having passed this extent of country in forty-five minutes, without a check. Out of an immense field at starting, we noticed Messrs. Chadwick, Williamson, and Naylor, very forward.

On Tuesday, the 12th of January, these hounds met at Womersley Park, but whether the gentlemen were afraid of the Balne Drains,

Drains, or their horses have been rather *shy of their corn*, after the two former days' sport, the field was but thinly attended:—

"A chosen few alone the sport enjoy,"

Was most truly the case. After drawing two covers, a fox was found in a hedge below Norton Priory, and came away for Bird Spring, over the Brook, and through the line of Woods in the Womersley country, back again by Bird Spring, and Womersley Grove, facing the open country, for Smeaton, and over the lugs by the river Went towards Womersley Park, which they crossed at a racing pace over to Hodge Wood, by Castle Farm, into Stapleton Park, and running the whole line of the Plantations towards Wentbridge without hanging a moment, made away for Darrington Moor, leaving Darrington village on the left, crossed the road, and passed along the Open Commons for Gridling Stubbs, whence turning to the left, the fox went by Grove Wood and over Grove Park, passing the London road near Ferrybridge in a line towards Pontefract, the gallant pack killed old reynard in capital style, in a grass field, after as severe a burst of fifty-six minutes as was ever witnessed. The only horsemen who could live with the hounds throughout this severe chase, and were up at the death, were, Mr. T. Hodgson on Timothy, Mr. Hawke on the Dusty Miller, John, the huntsman, on Own Brother to Julius Cæsar, and the second Whipper-in on Assassin. From such a brilliant beginning of a young pack, may we not venture to predict capital sport in future?

ACCOUNT OF A SINGULAR DOG.

IN the species of animals which man has domesticated, or rather reduced to a state of servitude, Nature often produces monsters, either by excess or defect. Of the latter sort, I will here cite an example as a new proof of the perfection of instinct in the dog, and of the resources of Nature. It was first communicated to the public by M. Feret, jun. in the *Journal de Physique* for the month of August, 1810.

In the month of May, 1808, at Paris, a black spaniel bitch, with red spots, pupped eight young ones: she was only allowed to keep four, and of these four it was discovered in a few days, that one of them was deprived of the two front legs. It was thought it would not live; but this defect of conformation did not prevent it growing equally ar fast and as strong as the others; and it was two years old when the following description of it was drawn up.

Two-legs, (for so she was called) had a considerable resemblance to the wolf-dog, but the body was more elongated. Her hair was long, rather rough, and of a brown colour. She often carried her ears erect; her tail was a good deal like that of the fox, not only in its form, but also in the manner in which she carried it. She would caress very freely, and approached towards persons whom she knew, upon her two hind legs, which she held wide apart, and toes very open. If she wished to advance quickly, she used the under part of her neck as a third leg to support herself with, she then proceeded with considerable velocity by successive leaps and springs; but this constrained progression

Etched from a Sketch by Cooper.

gression fatigued her very much; her respiration seemed to be interrupted each time her neck touched the ground, and to save her head and nose from the blows which they were likely to receive, the muscles of the neck were always in a state of contraction, in order that the head might constantly be erect.

If Two-legs heard any noise, she immediately sat upright, even for a considerable time. If she wished to go up stairs, she effected it pretty easily by means of her neck, but to descend was absolutely impossible. In 1809, this extraordinary creature had six young ones, none of which were in any manner deformed.

J. J. B.

ON LOUNGING.

A Lounger is one seized with a general inability, indolence, and weariness, and a certain impatience of the place he is in; with a heaviness of removing to another, he seems rather to suffer time to pass, than to spend it, and rather breathes than lives. His maxims are these; first, as time destroys all things, to murder it without mercy; secondly, business and books were made for knaves and blockheads; thirdly, the devil is at home. Nothing is so great an inlet to misery and vice, as not to know how to spend our vacant hours: an idle life makes a man a prey to the woes of imagination, which never fail to grow up in inactive and unexercised minds.—Those who have no pleasure above sensual, can hardly be idle and innocent. Their diversions are all at the expence of some virtue, and when they step out of business they fall into vice; but he who has the muses for his companions, can never be idle enough to be uneasy. A man should enlarge the sphere of his innocent pleasures, that he may retire into them with safety, and find such satisfaction as a wise man need not blush at.

THE STAG-HUNT AT EPPING.

An Etching.

IN the Christmas Pantomime brought out this season at Covent Garden Theatre, entitled *Harlequin and the Red Dwarf*, the Managers have introduced for the amusement of the town-bred Sportsmen, a representation of the renowned Easter Epping Hunt.—So ludicrous a scene suggested to us the idea of presenting our readers with a sketch of this burlesque sporting; we must however premise, that the artist has been necessarily compelled to extend the view far beyond that of the Theatre, in order to embrace the principal figures of the hunt. The manner in which it is introduced is as follows:—The pantomimic part being commenced, the changes run on through Ramsgate Pier, Inns on the road, the George and Blue Boar, Holborn, the Panharmonicon, the Liverpool Museum, the Auction Mart, Bow market-place, &c. till the parties arrive at Epping Forest. At this very lucky instant, the Epping Hunt is about to commence; and the audience is then treated with a sight of all the preparations. The Huntsman, the Yeoman Pricker, and the Whipper-in, with about twelve couple of fine hounds pass across the stage. Colombine mounts her hunter, and sets

sets off for the chase, unaccompanied by Harlequin, for his gallantry is such that he will not risk his neck in the pursuit. Pantaloon then mounts a sturdy pony. A large rough white horse, of a very singular appearance, belonging to Messrs. Clementi and Co. the music-sellers, is ridden by Grimaldi, who figures away in great style on his courser, with a carman's whip in his hand, to urge the animal to full speed. His horse not having a full tail, he unties his neckcloth, and affixing it to the stump, gives it the curious appearance it bears in the plate.—The hunt is next seen, and the whole motley group in full chase. The whole passed across the stage three times, with the dogs in close pursuit; but the hissings and applauses of the audience so terrified the animals on the first night of performance, that the hunt went off very badly; it has, however, much improved, and contributes not a little to the effect of the Harlequinade.

The lady at a distance represents Mrs. Parker, as Columbine; nearer to the view is a sporting tailor nearly dismounted; and the prominent figure in the centre, is denominated " the fat Parson, who, choosing to sport at his ease, is armed with an umbrella, to avoid Sol's heating rays, so unpleasant to sportsmen of his apparent bulk and dignity. The animal introduced is not a stag, but a *lama*, represented to be of extraordinary fleetness, and procured for the purpose from Bullock's Museum.

ACCOUNT OF TWO NEW DRAMAS.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

ON Saturday, the 23d instant, was acted at this Theatre, *Remorse*, a Tragedy, from the pen of Mr. Coleridge. The *Dramatis Personæ* were

The Marquis Valdez, Father to the two Brothers, and Guardian to Donna Teresa	Mr. Pope.
Don Alvar, his eldest son	Mr. Elliston.
Don Ordonio, his youngest son	Mr. Rae.
Monviedo, an Inquisitor	Mr. Powell.
Zulimez, Attendant on Alvar	Mr. Crooke.
Isidore, a Moorish Chieftain	Mr. De Camp.
Naomi	Mr. Wallack.
Donna Teresa	Miss Smith.
Alhadra, wife to Isidore	Mrs. Glover.

Familiars of the Inquisition, Servants, &c.

The scene, as may be collected from the *Dramatis Personæ*, is laid in Spain, and the events of the play are supposed to have taken place in the reign of Philip II. shortly after the close of the civil wars against the Moors, and during the heat of the persecution which raged against them. The story is as follows:—

Donna Teresa, an orphan heiress, is brought up under the roof of the Marquis Valdez, with his two sons, Don Alvar and Don Ordonio. They grow up together, and she is beloved by both the brothers, but her early affection fixes itself upon Don Alvar, the eldest, and this affection is ripened by time into the most pure and ardent love. The preference given by Teresa to the pretensions of Don Alvar alienates the friendship of his brother from him, and resentment for slighted love, aided by a secret consciousness of his brother's superior virtues and amiable qualities, at length so inflames the mind of Ordonio, naturally proud, gloomy, and revengeful, that he resolves upon the destruction of his rival. For this purpose he employs Isidore, a Moresco chieftain, but pretended Christian, who with two others

others watching the expected return of Don Alvar from abroad, attack him in a solitary place by the sea-side, but are disarmed by him, and compelled to a parley. Ordonio had not revealed to Isidore the secret that it was his brother's life which was to be sacrificed to his jealousy, but misleads him by a feigned story of a stranger, whose betrothed mistress he had first dishonoured, and then married, and whose revenge could only be appeased by blood. In the contest between them, however, both Isidore and Don Alvar discover that it is his brother who has attempted his life, and that that brother has dishonoured his mistress. Heart-struck at the news, he throws away his sword, and offers his breast to the assassin, who touched with pity spares his life, on condition that he absents himself from Spain for a certain period, and swears to observe an inviolable secresy. Accordingly, Don Alvar, with his faithful servant, Zulimez, departs, and after fighting for three years under Prince Maurice in the wars of the Low Countries, returns to his native land, his mind still torn with anguish at the remembrance of disappointed love, and of a brother's wrongs. At this point of time, the play opens. Don Alvar, with the aid of his companion, and disguised in a Moorish dress, proposes to see Teresa, and learn from her the truth of the story he had heard from Isidore. For, armed with proof, as that story was, faint as his hopes were, yet his despair had never been able to banish from his mind the image of Teresa, her gentle virtues, her former love—"the garden and first play-time of their youth."—She, in the mean time, doubting the death of Don Alvar, who is said to have perished in a storm, within sight of shore, and confirmed in her dislike to the person and manners of Don Ordonio, in opposition to the entreaties of her guardian, the father of Alvar and of Ordonio, remains faithful to her first vows. An interview, which soon after takes place between Teresa and her lover, when he mysteriously relates his own story, but without disclosing his person, confirms her in her fears and resolutions. Isidore having fallen into the hands of the Inquisition, Alhadra, his wife, applies to Ordonio to protect her husband. This renews the intercourse between them, and Ordonio once more consults with Isidore on the subject of his love, who recommends him to a neighbouring wizard. The magician, whom Ordonio seeks in the wild and rocky dell where he conceals himself, proves to be Alvar in disguise. He tries indirectly to probe the conscience of his brother, and first learns from him the fidelity of Teresa, and the cruel artifice which had been practised to impose upon his credulity. He at length consents to assist Ordonio in a project to persuade Teresa of the death of Alvar, by invoking his spirit, and by giving her pretended preternatural proofs of the fate of her lover. This scene takes place with much pomp and ceremony; and the invocation, addressed by the supposed sorcerer to the spirit of Alvar, is replete with poetry and pathos. Donna Teresa retires from this scene, shocked at its impiety; and the ceremony is suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the Inquisitors, who have been informed of the unhallowed proceeding. Ordonio contrives to justify himself to the chief Inquisitor,

sitor, by pretending that his real object was to obtain a more pregnant proof against the sorcerer, and the latter is consigned, under the care of Ordonio, to a dungeon in the castle. Ordonio's suspicions having fixed upon Isidore, as connected with Alvar, whom he does not yet know, but of whose designs he is apprehensive, he finds out his Moorish accomplice in his retreat in the Alpuxarras, and at once rids himself of his fears, and sacrifices his revenge, by treacherously taking his life.—Meanwhile Teresa, struck with a fancied resemblance in the supposed sorcerer to her lover, and feeling for the honour of his situation, visits the cell of Alvar, who discovers himself to her. Just at the moment of this affecting recognition, Ordonio enters with a poisoned goblet, which he presents to his brother, Teresa having retired out of sight. A scene of high-wrought interest now follows between the two brothers: Ordonio, alarmed and stung to madness by Alvar's keen reproaches, attempts to kill him, but is prevented by Teresa, who rushes in between them, and discovers that it is his brother. Ordonio, filled with remorse and shame, feeling himself unworthy to live, tries to fall on his own sword. But while Alvar and Teresa are endeavouring to reconcile him to life, the doors of the dungeon burst open, and Alhadra, with a band of Morescoes, rushing in, revenges the death of her husband, by that of his murderer. The Moors hastily retire at the approach of Lord Valdez and his followers, and Don Alva is restored to his Teresa, amidst the tears and blessings of his father, who is yet ignorant of the death and the crimes of Ordonio.

The story of this play, of which our readers will be able to form a tolerably correct idea from the foregoing outline, affords an admirable opportunity for the display of those powers of natural description and sentiment, which Mr. Coleridge is so well known to possess. The author's name stands high for the reputation of genius, and he has very successfully employed that genius in the production of a dramatic work, which possesses much beauty and interest. In the progress of the fable, the wild and romantic scenery of Spain, the manners and superstitions of the age, are described with a grace of poetic fancy, which, while it brings the objects before us, forwards the developement of the plot, and gives a peculiar interest to the characters and sentiments of the persons represented. The wild harp of poetry mingles with, and softens the sterner voice of the tragic muse. His images are not less striking, from their originality, and a peculiar felicity of expression, than from their intrinsic merit. The conduct of the story does not involve any violent transitions, or gross improbabilities. In executing this part of his task, the author discovers equal judgment and skill. The interest is kept alive by a succession of situations and events, which call forth the finest sensibilities of the human breast, without shocking the imagination by an accumulation of hopeless and unmerited suffering. The language throughout is severely chaste and highly polished, and of the sentiment it is not too much to say, that it contains passages which may vie in eloquence and beauty with the most successful efforts of modern poetry.

While, however, we pay this just

just tribute to the merits of the piece, it must be confessed that the author, in giving latitude to the luxuriance of his fancy, particularly in the descriptive parts, too often suspends the drama in its progress—the plot languishes, and the scene becomes tedious. He seems to have depended more on the strength of his imagery than on dramatic incidents, and the play is rendered rather monotonous, by a perpetual recurrence to the same passion, that of *Remorse*, which is exhibited by Ordonio, in his alternate interviews with every character in the play. In the first and second acts the author successfully touches the feelings of the audience, but the plot is too meagre to afford a sufficient degree of interest throughout five long acts, and it is so extremely inartificial, that the audience, in the earliest scenes, anticipated all that is to follow—the punishment of Ordonio, and the union of the lovers. It is, however, creditable to the literary talents of the author, that the vigour of the composition towered above the defects in the construction of the play, for had not the scene of the incantation been dexterously managed, the whole fabric must have fallen to the ground. The tragedy, in consequence of its extreme length, was often in rather a perilous situation; but here certainly the managers were in fault in not calculating more accurately the time that it must have occupied in its representation. The first act was nearly an hour in performance, and must be considerably curtailed. The account given by Isidore of the cavern, into which he was afterwards thrown by Ordonio, was superfluous; and nothing is more tiresome to an audience than to hear one character on the stage give a long history to another of those circumstances of which the audience have been already in possession. The play can be profitably curtailed nearly an hour in representation.

The actors were all perfect, and exerted themselves to the utmost. Elliston had the best part in the piece, and he laboured hard and successfully for the author. In his scene with Ordonio, where he speaks of the supposed murder of Alvar, and observes in a familiar tone, " and you killed him," the effect was such as to electrify the house. Rae, in Ordonio, acquitted himself respectably, but the character is deficient in variety, and he was too often placed in the same situation.

In the character of Teresa there was nothing to call forth the talents of Miss Smith.

Mrs. Glover was admirable in the Moorish Woman.

The music of the incantation was excellent, but much too long. The scenery was extremely picturesque.

The prologue had no relation whatever either to the tragedy or the bard. The epilogue is lively, and makes several happy hits at some of the reigning follies of the day.

The tragedy was received throughout with patience and applause until the dropping of the curtain, when some disapprobation was shewn, but a large majority of the audience was decidedly in favour of the play being repeated.

COVENT-GARDEN.

On Saturday night, the 23d instant, a new comedy, called " *The Students of Salamanca*," was performed,

formed for the first time at this Theatre. The following is a brief outline of the plot :—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Don Gasper	Mr. Blanchard.
Don Alonzo	Mr. Abbott.
Don Christoval	Mr. Jones.
Don Daphnis	Mr. Fawcett.
Miquel	Mr. Matthews.
Geronimo	Mr. Simmons.
Aminta	Mrs. H. Johnston.
Angelica	Miss Cooke.
Pertilla	Mrs. C. Kemble.

Scene—*Salamanca.*

The principal occurrences of this comedy arise out of the jealousy of Don Alonzo and Don Aminta, the former of whom is privately married to Donna Angelica, against the consent of her father, Don Gaspar, who intended to match her against her inclination. The latter is on a visit at her cousin's (Angelica), and having been seen by Don Christoval, an intercourse takes place between them, to the satisfaction of both parties. Christoval, in relating his love adventure to his fellow student (Don Alonzo), points out to him the house of Don Gaspar, as the discovered residence of his unknown inamorata; and Christoval, by his inquiries and communications, rouses the jealousy of the latter, who, to try the fidelity of his wife, tells his friend her name is Angelica (really thinking such to be the case), and at the same time conceals from him the circumstance of his private marriage. Christoval, flushed with this intelligence, writes to Donna Angelica, and concerts with his servant (Miquel) the means of getting a letter delivered to her. Miquel, who is acquainted with Geronimo, the butler of Don Gaspar, by a promise of reward prevails upon him to deliver the letter. This Geronimo is an old pander, who has for a long time fleeced the admirers of Donna Angelica, by pretending to deliver their letters to that lady, which letters he always opened, and induced his daughter Pertilla to give encouraging answers to. Following up his roguish schemes in the present instance, he delivers the letter to Pertilla, at the same time making her believe it was really intended for her. Christoval, eager in the pursuit of his fair unknown, hastens in the evening to Don Gaspar's house, and accidentally hitting upon the same experiments used by Alonzo to obtain his private interviews, he is readily admitted by Pertilla into Angelica's apartment. Don Daphnis, an antiquated student at Salamanca, and one of Angelica's admirers, coming to serenade his mistress, discovers the rope ladder by which Christoval ascended, and suspecting some mischief going forward, is about to alarm the house, when Miquel, who is on the watch for his master's safety, discovering the intentions of Daphnis, artfully raises the first alarm, and accuses Daphnis and his companions with an intent to murder his master, who for safety had taken refuge in Angelica's chamber. Alonzo coming by at his usual hour, and understanding what has happened, is confirmed in his suspicions of his wife's infidelity, and departs in a state of desperation. Gaspar having reason to suspect Miquel's story, alarms the whole house in search of Christoval, and Aminta, into whose hands Christoval's letter has accidentally fallen, stung with jealousy, conceives a bitter hatred against her cousin, and upon her information Angelica is closely confined, but Christoval escapes by the means of Pertilla. Angelica finds means to escape from her confinement, and by the officious

officious interference of Miquel is conveyed to his master's apartment, where she is discovered by Alonzo, who had come to demand of Christoval an explanation of his conduct. The jealous husband, more confirmed in his suspicions, makes known to Don Gaspar his secret nuptials, and agrees to an act of separation from her. Aminta having, from circumstances, discovered that her jealousy was groundless, concerts means with Christoval to make reparation for the mischief she has occasioned, and they succeed, by artifice, in obtaining Don Gaspar's consent to the union, which has already taken place. Alonzo, convinced his suspicions of Angelica's honour are groundless, is restored to happiness; and Aminta gives her hand to Christoval.

This is a production far above the general run of modern dramas; and, taken as a whole, bears the genuine impress of genius. The plot is complicated, but it 's skilfully unravelled, and an interest is excited, which is well kept up, even to the last scene. The language is sprightly and characteristic, and the thoughts are naturally interwoven wi h the business of the piece. In a few instances they were rather tame, and one or two of the incidents encroached upon the dominions of broad farce; but the dramatic skill of the author was rendered apparent, by the manner in which he wrought up the denouement, and in the busy scenes which led to it. We hail this Comedy as at least some return to the course of the legitimate drama, which has been so long sacrificed to spectacle and buffoonery. The author of it is Mr. Jameson, whom we sincerely congratulate upon his success, and highly applaud his exertions to bring back the audience to the realms of good sense and good taste. Its progress was marked by very little disapprobation; as it proceeded to its close, it improved greatly in the favour of the audience; and, as a whole, it was greeted by nearly unanimous applause, when its second representation was announced.

The actors played up to their parts in a very admirable style.—Mrs. H. Johnston, Mrs. C. Kemble, Miss Cooke, Matthews, Jones, Blanchard, Fawcett, Abbott, and indeed all who had any share in it, did most ample justice to the conceptions of the author. It would perhaps be difficult to point out a finer piece of acting than Matthews' falling asleep upon the stage; his efforts to resist the approaches of sleep, his drowsy tones, and the wanderings of his mind whilst dosing, were inimitable.

The deservedly favourable manner in which this comedy has been received, will, we trust, stimulate Mr. Jameson to further efforts.—Drawing from his own original stores, and skilfully arranging what he thus derives, with the aid of that knowledge of stage effect which he evidently possesses, we may confidently anticipate much to gratify and amuse the public, in the true sense of these words, as attached to the operations of the mind, and not to the mere gratifications of the eye or the ear. There is much in this comedy to applaud, very little to disapprove of, and scarcely any part of it that can be absolutely condemned. It combines the essence of legitimate drama with good taste and skilful management, and with those indisputable marks of genius which must ever interest a British audience.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT.

THE late Duke of Devonshire, who used to leave Brookes's regularly, at a very late hour, in passing by the stall of a cobler, at the end of Jermyn-street, in his way home, always wished the cobler a "good night;" which the cobler as regularly returned by wishing his Grace "a good morning!" No watch could have been devised to make these two keep time with each other.

Infantine Associations.—Walking into the road, on certain Whitsuntide holidays, with one of my younger daughters, but just coming forward into society, and yet unversed in its language and habits, we overtook a large drove of cows. "See, see, father," said the child, "what *a breaking-up* of cows!" Proceeding, we met a regiment of soldiers; these strongly attracted her attention, and she exclaimed, "Oh! father—what a number of brothers!" Taking it for granted they must have been such, from the uniformity of their dress. Poor innocent thing, she little thought how opposite their's was, to a brotherly calling! ——.

An English Bull.—The following fact will prove, that the exclusive right of the Irish to make *Bulls,* (like many of the other rights of that unfortunate people) has not been most grossly violated. Miss H****N, an English lady, complaining to a friend at Tunbridge Wells, of the numerous inconveniences and vexations she experienced on her arrival, declared, when next she visited the place, she would "*come a day before hand, and prepare for her own reception.*"

A MANAGER at a certain Theatre, having occasion to call on his attorney the morning prior to the representation of a favourite piece, very politely presented him with a box order, requesting his attendance in the evening to see the piece performed. The Gentleman of the Law readily accepted the order, telling the Manager he might rely on his attendance. The Manager, shortly after this, calling for his account, to his great astonishment, on looking over it, saw the following:—"*Three hours and a half's attendance at the Theatre, 13s. 4d.!*"

A FEW weeks since, as a party of seamen were employed on the Jetty Head, in Plymouth Dock-yard, a stranger approached, and, pointing to the ships in Hamoaze, asked one of the party, an Irishman, which was the Tickler gun-brig?—"By St. Patrick," retorted the honest Hibernian, "you need not be under any mistake about that—by G—, *they are all Ticklers!*"

AN Irish watchman was charged lately before the Magistrates at Marlborough-street, with beating one of his prisoners with a stick. He immediately offered to take his oath

oath, that he had *nothing* in his *hand* but his *fist.*

The Marquis of Wellington, on giving orders for a Battalion to attempt a dangerous enterprise; viz. storming one of the enemy's works, complimented the Commanding Officer by saying his Regiment was the *first* in *this* world. "Yes," replied the Officer leading on his men, "and before your Lordship's orders are finally executed, it will most probably be the *first* in the *next* world!"

Utility of Skill in Orthography.—Some time ago, an innkeeper in a country town wrote to his friend in Dublin, requesting him to send him two good *chaises.* The gentleman replied, that he found they were then dear, and that he thought one might suffice. A second letter was received, in which it was stated that the Assizes were at hand, that there would be a great run at his house, and that he would want two good and large *chaises.* According to his orders, two post-chaises were sent. When they arrived at his door he refused to receive them; an altercation of course took place between him and the person who brought them.—Fortunately the gentleman who had purchased them had arrived in the country; he immediately went and remonstrated with his friend the innkeeper, on his refusal to receive the post-chaises. "Sir," said the innkeeper, "I ordered no chaises; I ordered them not; I requested you to send me two *cheeses,* and what the d—l have I to do with these big carriages? keep them yourself." The gentleman immediately drew the two letters out of his pocket, and put them into the hands of the innkeeper's son, with a request that he would read the contents. "Father," said the son, "the word is written very plain, *chaises.* You must keep your carriages, good father."

An Irishman being asked, a few days since, to take a *mutton chop* with a friend, declined the invitation, saying, "that he had ate so much mutton of late, he was ashamed to look a *sheep in the face.*"

A poor man lately applied to a charitable lady, to procure his admission to an hospital. She said, she subscribed only to the *Lying-in Hospital.*—"That is the very thing, Madam," said he, "for I have been so long *lying out,* that I now want to *lie in.*"

An Irishman, hearing of the unfortunate predicament of Bonaparte and his army, said, they were reduced to the situation of *crabs*—they could neither get backward or forward, and must, therefore, *bury* themselves.

On the first day of Term, some of the depredators who frequent the Courts, thought fit to carry off a Serjeant's robe and a coat from the Common Pleas. When the theft was discovered, a gentleman enquired if the Serjeant and his wig were safe?" "Yes," replied the informant, "they have only *non-suited* him."

Anecdote of Lord North.—It is not a fact of historical record, that the famous Major Barry and Lord North were the strongest possible *Parliamentary enemies,* the former never losing an opportunity of most rancorously attack-

ing "the able but unfortunate Minister," as North has been emphatically and truly termed. It may not also be known that North was "the best-humoured man" breathing, and that nothing could disturb the evenness of his temper; while Barry was petulant and irritable to the last degree. While in the fulness of senatorial glory, they both became *blind.* On a subsequent occasion, North made the happiest use of this circumstance in the course of a very irritable debate in the Commons: Barry had been attacking the Minister North in a most pointed, rancorous, and apparently successful manner, when the latter commenced his reply to this effect:—"Mr. Speaker—I have been attacked in the most virulent style by a gentleman opposite, to whom the House always listens with becoming deference; and yet, notwithstanding all the virulence of that speech, I will venture to say, that there are not two men in his Majesty's dominions who would be happier *to see one another* than we should be!"

Two *thin* Gentlemen comparing notes on the flimsy state of their bodies, one of them said, that a person he knew was as *thin* as them *both put together.*

EPIGRAM.

Inscribed on the Looking Glass of a celebrated Impure.

IN me, false *Thais*, as you pass,
Your likeness may be seen;
Without—all tinsel, paint, and glass,
All MERCURY *within!*

MERCUTIO.

ON one of the cold days lately, a gentleman sitting in a tavern complained to the waiter of a great *draught* in the room—"Sir," said the waiter, "by the greatness of our *draught* we estimate our *profits!*"

THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER,

Or, how to spell SEE.

WITH bushy bob and snuff-begrimed nose,
Rusty black coat and pen behind his ear;
Terence Malone in majesty arose,
The *birchen* object of respect and fear!
His cheeks were pimpled and his eyes inclined,
With all their strength, and soul, and mind,
To join their brains somewhere about
The tip of Terry's snubby snout;
In short, by all the girls 'twas *more* than hinted,
That Mister Terence squinted——
"Come here Tom Fogarty, you little brat,
So, you have been playing in the ditches,
And tore your Sunday pair of breeches!
I hope you have your lesson pat.
S double E—what spells S double Ee!—
Don't be star-gazing so—mind what I say;
S double E, you little stupid fool,
Upon my conscience, you disgrace my school!
S double E, you ass!—What do *I* do
When I raise my eyes and look at you?—
You'll say it now, or else the devil's in't."
"*Why, Sir, you squint.*"

Advertisement Extraordinary.—Lost or strayed, from the French pack, a remarkably fast bloodhound, with a savage countenance, sharp nose, and short black hair, of the true Corsican vermin breed: has never been seen but leering about at a distance since the whole pack were *dead* run at Smolensko.—He answers to the name of EMPEROR NAP.—Whoever will bring the said hound, dead or alive, to Count Platoff, Master of the Cossack Hunt, shall be handsomely rewarded.

SPORT-

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

IT is with much regret that we announce the breaking up of the establishment of his Majesty's hariers at Windsor. The King, in the enjoyment of his health, received particular gratification from the amusement they afforded him, and since his Majesty's illness, the Gentlemen of the neighbourhood have regularly continued to partake of the sport, which has so long been attached to the regal establishment.

THE Members of White's Subscription Club, one of the most fashionable in St. James's-street, were lately placed in an unpleasant situation, the house being shut up by bankruptcy. We understand there were upwards of four hundred members, at an annual subscription of twelve guineas.

A NEW species of *handicap*, by *classes*, has lately been established at Newmarket, which promises much sport to the Members of the Turf.

The *Turf* confederacy, between the Lords Foley and Kinnaird, has been dissolved, and Gazetted in the Journals of the *Jockey Club*, by mutual consent.

LORD Strathmore's bay colt, out of Beatrice, that was second for the St. Leger, is sold to Lord Foley.—And Mr. J. Painter has purchased Lord Oxford's Tinker Barnes, by Governor.

A TROTTING match took place on Tuesday, the 26th of January, on the Ashford road, betwixt Captain Swane's grey mare, and a bay horse belonging to Mr. Riddle, of Orchard-street, for a wager of 200gs. The distance to be performed was nine miles. The mare took the lead, at a surprising rate, but *broke* in going the first mile, and was pulled round, agreeable to articles, by which the horse gained about fifty yards. The mare recovered her ground, and trotted neck and neck with the horse, from the six miles to the eight and a half, when the horse shot a-head, and won the match by about two lengths, and in thirty-two minutes.

THE annual Kingscote Race Ball, at Hunters' Hall, on Tuesday, the 19th instant, was numerously and fashionably attended.—Amongst the company present, were, his Grace the Duke of Beaufort, Lord and Lady Ducie, Lady De Clifford, Captain and Lady T. Hale, Sir B. Wm. Guise, Sir H. Lippincott, Colonel Kingscote, &c. &c.—The most sedulous attention was paid to the comfort and accommodation of the company, by the steward, N. W. Peach, Esq. At one o'clock they sat down to an elegant supper, comprising every delicacy of the season.

A few days since, as Lord Clinton and a party of friends were taking the diversion of shooting at Colonel Poyntz's, Cawding Lodge, Sussex, his Lordship being out of the line, and too forward, from the irregu-

irregularity of the ground was not perceived; a hare getting up in the line of his Lordship, two of the gentlemen fired, the shot of whose guns passed into his leg, his left knee, and hip; fortunately the force of the shot was broken by striking the ground first, or the accident might have proved very serious. The muscular part of the leg and tendons were much affected; several of the shot were extracted by Mr. Surgeon Burnall, and his Lordship is now, we believe, in a forward state of recovery.

Colonel Thornton, of sporting notoriety, it is said, has established a place which he calls "Sportsman's Lodge," near Dulverton, in Somersetshire: thus distant from all his former residencies, and verifying the old song—

Remote from cities, lived a Swain,
Who hunted in a gallant strain
All day, till he was weary:
And tired, returning to his table,
He took his glass while he was able,
And then—he sought his dearey!

Lord Rivers's Wiltshire Coursing Meeting, commenced on Tuesday, the 20th instant; but after a few matches, it was of necessity adjourned, by the severity of the frost, which set in that day.

We understand the Newmarket Coursing Meeting is to commence on the last Monday in every November, and to course the whole ensuing week.—The late Meeting had some new Members, and the assemblage of greyhounds was the greatest ever known. What may appear singular is, that the Meetings for Coursing in the South of England increase and grow more numerous every year, while in the North they appear losing their interest, and all on the decline.—Captain Wyatt had the greatest number of dogs, and was on the whole the greatest winner; but some Members thought the eyes of the umpire were not so accurate as usual.

Berkshire Coursing.——On Tuesday, the 19th of this month, the following matches were run by greyhounds for a silver cup, at the Earl of Carnarvon's, Beacon-Hill, near Newbury:

Mr. Isherwood's Industry, beat Mr. Ramsbottom's Rose.

Col. Stead's (Lord Rivers's Rous) beat Mr. Hunt's Goldfinch.

Mr. Bacon's Moses, beat Mr. Greig's Peter.

Mr. Davis's Hal, beat Mr. D. Comton's Tinker.

Mr. Goodlake's Gamecock, beat Mr. Sheppery's Rolla.

Mr. Jones's Jet, beat Mr. Slocock's Sapling.

Lord Rivers's Rarity, beat Mr. Comton's Brewer.

Mr. Herbert's Daisy, beat Mr. Dunford's Driver.

Col. Stead's (Lord Rivers's Rous) beat Mr. Isherwood's Industry.

Mr. Bacon's Moses, beat Mr. Davis's Hal.

Mr. Goodlake's Gamecock, beat Mr. Sheppery's Rolla.

Lord Rivers's Rarity, beat Mr. Herbert's Daisy.

Col. Stead's (Lord Rivers's Rous) beat Mr. Bacon's Moses.

Lord Rivers's Rarity, beat Mr. Goodlake's Gamecock.

Colonel Stead's (Lord Rivers's) Rouse drawn.

Lord Rivers's Rarity won the Cup.

In the Duke of Rutland's hunt, lately, Mr. Robert Hodgson, of Kirkby Underwood, rode his brown horse Fathom, over a hedge and ditch

ditch eleven yards wide, in the parish of Newton, near Falkingham, in the presence of several gentlemen, who ordered the leap to be measured, from beat to beat, for their satisfaction.

Sporting Incident.—A few days since, a party of gentlemen were coursing in a field near the village of Goulceby, Lincolnshire, and the hare was hard pressed by the dogs (the property of F. Cocheifer, Esq.) when coming to an old hedge, they suddenly lost her, and gave up the pursuit. A lad in the employ of Mr. C. shortly after passed that way with a terrier, and observed the dog stop and bark at the foot of an old tree, but took no further notice, and went on his business. Returning, however, the same way, about half an hour after, he found the dog in the same place, and was by this induced to examine the tree, which, as it was hollow, he conceived harboured some vermin in the trunk. After searching without effect for some time, he looked upwards, and discovered something peeping out about a yard from the ground; he then lifted up his dog, who brought down by the hinder parts a fine hare; the same, it is not doubted, that was lost at that hedge by the sportsmen. What renders this circumstance more worthy of remark is, that several greyhounds had run, and all invariably lost their object at this hedge.

Capital Fox Chase.—In addition to the good sport the fox hounds, kept by Mr. St. John, have had this season, they, on Monday the 11th, found a fox in Beenham High Wood, and went off by Lord Falmouth's Channel Wood, Carvin's Wood, over the Common to Blacklands, turned to the right through Holly Wood, by Bucklebury, over the open to Yattendon, for Rowcott; here he was headed to Taylor's Furze and Hermitage, skirted the Forest, and Fence Wood, to Cold Ash Common, by the Fir Trees, and over the inclosures, leaving the Grange Wood to the left; here he made a turn through the small coverts and inclosures to Hamstead Norris, Down Wood, Ealing Park, Courage and Shaw Woods to Donnington, Snelsmore Common and Bagnor, (here they begun to run for him) to Honey Bottom, where they killed him in a cottage garden, after a most excellent and gallant chase of three hours.—This is one of the best chases ever run in Berkshire; the excellent hunting at times displayed by the hounds, their chasing over the open, and pressing the fox through the coverts, &c. over so great and difficult an extent of country, (full thirty miles) afforded the greatest pleasure and satisfaction to a large field of sportsmen.

On Friday, the 8th, the hounds belonging to T. Alder and A. Gregson, Esqrs. hunted from Duddoe, near Berwick—after two very sharp runs, and killing each time, they found a third hare, which disdaining the doubles and shifts usual to her species, made straight for Twizell, and crossed the River Till, at one of the widest and deepest points, then over the hills to Palinsburn, back again, re-crossed the Till, and was killed near Grindon. It was difficult which most to admire, the gallantry of the hare, or the spirit and steadiness shown by the hounds—who never came to a check, or had a view until the death. The run lasted an hour and a quarter, and the distance

tance may be computed at sixteen miles at the least.

At the Pytchley Hunt Races, on Wednesday, March 17, a Silver Cup, of the value of 50gs. will be given by the Members of the Hunt, to be run for by horses not thorough bred, which have never won, and which are, *bona fide*, the property of farmers residing within the country hunted by the Pytchley Hounds, or usually hunting with them. To carry 13st. each, and to be rode by farmers. Heats twice round the course. The horses are to be named to the clerk of the course at Northampton, on or before the 1st of March.

A novel species of amusement took place in the Hundred House Meadow, Witley, on Tuesday, the 5th instant; five wild rabbits were singly turned off at an assigned distance, before a dog fox, trained by and in the possession of Mr. Tearne, of Stockton, Worcestershire, and after an excellent course of about 400 yards, were severally killed by reynard.

On Tuesday, the 5th instant, a gentleman of Lewes shot at a pheasant, which he killed, and the bird falling close to a wood cutter, at work hard by, the man was astonished at the distance between the spot whereon the pheasant fell and the gunner, which induced the woodman to ascertain the distance, which rather exceeded *thirteen rods and a half!* The gun was a double barelled one, of small bore, and only two feet eight inches long.

A sporting pigeon match took place on Saturday, the 9th of this month, on Stoke Common, Herts, betwixt two shots from Bucks and two from Oxon, (Messrs. James and Henderson from the former county, and Messrs. Rhodes and Pigeon from the latter), for 100gs. aside, at twelve birds each, from a trap at twenty-one yards, and unlimited charge.

	Birds.
Mr. Henderson killed	11
Mr. James	10
	21
Mr. Rhodes killed	12
Mr. Pigeon	8
	20

Only one bird escaped, and that was the last shot of Mr. Henderson; the rest all fell out of bounds, and two of Mr. Pigeon's had not gone five yards over the distance.

Pedestrianism.—A pedestrian match was made a short time since, for Carter, the pugilist, to run three amateur commoners two miles, to give the first five hundred yards, the second six hundred, and the third seven hundred. The two latter paid forfeit, and Carter started with the five hundred yards adversary on Monday, the 4th of January. Betting was five to four on Carter, who had engaged in other bets to perform the first quarter of a mile in one minute and three seconds, and in four seconds, and in eight seconds, and to drink a pint of wine at starting. He did the quarter of a mile in a minute and three seconds, with much difficulty. He continued the next quarter of a mile at a slow rate, but he made play afterwards, and passed his adversary within two hundred yards of the end of the race, the latter having been beat in the last quarter of a mile. Carter won by nineteen yards,

yards, and performed the distance in eleven minutes two seconds.

An extraordinary pedestrian performance, which outrivals modern pedestrianism, even the feats of Hemsworth of Lancashire, the celebrated Ab. Wood, or the still more renowned Beal of Yorkshire, took place on Monday, the 18th of this month, on Sunbury Common, for a stake of 200gs. The pedestrian had engaged to perform the extraordinary task of ten miles in one hour. He was unknown in London, but he had performed some matches in the neighbourhood of Margate, which brought him into notice. He is a butcher at Margate. The pedestrian did the first two miles in eleven minutes and a half, and he continued at a steady winning pace until he finished five miles in half a minute within the half hour. During the latter part of the race he gave some extraordinary springs, and maintained speed, at intervals, for half a mile, which beat the horses. He performed the whole distance in fifty seconds under the hour; and what is astonishing, he never *turned a hair*, and was in as good wind as when he started. After the race he challenged any runner on the ground, for five or ten miles. This astonishing pedestrian is now in training at the rubbing-house, Epsom Downs, for a most wonderful undertaking; 100 to 20 having been betted that he does not perform a mile in four minutes and a half. The ground fixed on, is from Islington to the City Road. Such a performance is not, we believe, on the record of pedestrian feats. This wonderful man is said also to excel in a race of twenty-four hours. Betting is two and three to one against his new undertaking.

On Thursday, the 21st instant, Mr. Jameson, a celebrated pedestrian, undertook for a wager of 50gs. to go ten miles on the Bath road in an hour, (being the same as the preceding match), but he lost by half a mile.

A Labourer, of Canterbury, named Parsons, undertook one day this month, to carry a sack of potatoes, weighing 199 pounds (which he was to have for his trouble), from the Star public-house, at Hardres, to the Town of Dover public-house, Canterbury, in four hours, the distance of five miles, which he performed in three hours and three quarters.

At the late Norfolk Sessions, Edward Jenney appealed to a conviction of Magistrates under Mr. Jodrell's Act, for being found with others poaching in a wood, at Scoulton, in Norfolk, belonging to Lord Abergavenny, at three o'clock on the morning of the 19th of November last.—Mr. Cooper objected to the conviction in point of form, upon the ground that by the Vagrant Act, the commitment should be to the House of Correction till the Sessions, and not to the common gaol, as in the present case. This objection was overruled, but upon the evidence of Sir Wm. Clayton's game-keeper, who had lodged the information, it appeared that the prisoner Jenney had not been present before the Magistrates at the time the gamekeeper made the charge against him, nor at any subsequent time before the conviction; the requisites of the Act therefore not having been complied with, the conviction was quashed.

William Woodhouse, of Aldon, in

in the parish of Stokesay, Salop, carpenter, (known by the name of Billy Sly), tenant to Richard Lyster, Esq. of Rowton Castle, was convicted on the 9th instant, before Edward Rogers, Esq. of Wigmore, in the county of Hereford, in the mitigated penalty of 10l. for using snares for the destruction of game upon a Sunday, and has paid the said penalty.

On Tuesday, the 28th ult. Benjamin Wiggins, William Lancashire, and George Phipps, were committed to Oxford gaol, charged with feloniously killing a fallow deer, in an inclosed part of Whichwood forest, where deer are usually kept.—And on Saturday, the 16th instant, John Wiggins, Samuel Watts, and Joseph Wright, were committed to the same gaol, for one year, charged with having unlawfully in their possession one fallow deer.

A short time since, fourteen brace of fine partridges, all alive and strong, were taken up at sea, by a fishing boat off Skerringham; when the boat approached them they made no effort to escape.

Wild Swans.—The following article is extracted from a paper printed in the State of Vermont, North America:—Extract of a Letter from Francis L. Harrison, Esq. of Malone, N. Y. dated Nov. 15, 1812:—"On the night of the 8th or 9th instant, a Mr. Allen, living at Chateaugay, was disturbed, by what he supposed to be the noise of wild geese flying. He got up from his bed, and went to the door, which, when opened, displayed the light of the fire, towards which one of a flock of wild swans flew, fell down, stunned by flying against a waggon which stood before the door. It was immediately caught. Mr. Allen then returned to his bed, but still thinking he heard the noise of more, arose again, and discovered that they had alighted in his neighbour's fields. Assistance was called, and a lantern obtained, when they went out, and the birds, four in number, immediately flew towards the light of the lantern, and were easily caught. There are two old ones, which are entirely white, except the bills and legs, which are black; the three young ones are of a light ash colour, and the bills red, with the edges ash-coloured. Their feet are very large. The largest of the white ones, which is supposed to be the male, weighs twenty-seven pounds, and measures nine feet across the wings, when extended, and five feet from the end of the bill to the end of the tail. They differ only from the English wild swans, by not having the yellow wax, or excrescence, on the head above the bill."

Lately died, at his house at Lanelway, near Usk, Monmouthshire, at a very advanced age, Mr. Henry Harris; attached to the sports of the field, his "*View halloo!*" will long be remembered by the Sons of the Chase, in that part of the country.

Erratum.—The plate of H. W. Bunbury, Esq. given in our last Number, was engraved by H. R. Cooke, from a Painting by Lawrence; *and not* engraved by Scott, from a painting by Reynolds, as therein stated by mistake.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE CORSICAN FOX.

A new Hunting Song.

MR. EDITOR,

FOR the commencement of the NEW YEAR, which all true sportsmen hope may be better than the two months of the last, I send you the following NEW HUNTING SONG, which I "give and bequeath" to any musical amateur, to set and sing in all the *good hunting halls* of the United Kingdom.

VENATOR.

HARK forward! my boys, in this gay hunting season,
Which to foxes gives death, and to fancy gives birth;
The madness of fox-hunting now has its reason,
For we've run that old fox, Bonaparte, to earth.

Did you see how he skulk'd thro' the snow and the bushes,
(Of such foxes, O, may there be always a dearth!)
A rough Russian fox-hound now hard at his brush is,
And in goes that fox, Bonaparte, to earth.

Some thought he was game, but he turns out a garron,
And his skin is the whole that the vermin is worth;
A creature like this no true hound would make war on,
That can't keep above ground, but runs to his earth.

Then, O! may some terrier we can confide in,
Now seize him and tear out his villainous breath;
For 'twere hard, after all our strong leaps and hard riding,
One sportsman should fail being—in at the death.

PROLOGUE

To the new Comedy of "THE STUDENTS OF SALAMANCA."

HARD is his task who undertakes to please,
Passion to rouse, and temper to appease;
With chemic power dissolve each varied tone,
And melt a thousand humours into one!
Each has a taste—a prejudice to lull,
Some gay, some grave, some witty, and some dull:
How then can Poets ever hope to please
At once such adverse sentiments as these?
By painting Nature is the cry around:
But let me ask—*Where's Nature to be found?*
Close veiled with art, no feature she discloses,
Men's characters are stuccoed like their houses.
So delicately nice—so rigid grown,
In this *pure* age no naked hearts are shewn.
The forest race of man, which lived of yore,
Reclaimed from Nature, now is seen no more;
Art's livery o'er all a sameness throws,
And character in class not person flows.
Should we try fiction, rule and rule is brought,
To prune the wild exuberance of thought;

Each plies the shears to shape the quick-
set waste,
And like a rural cit conceives it *taste*.
O'er Fancy's wilds all claim a right to
sway,
And, as the humour leads, mark out a
way.
The tree of knowledge every critic clips,
And propagates new saplings with the
slips:
Ranged into groves an avenue they
frame,
And point it as the surest road to fame.
Some on this measured railway move and
find
Unfetter'd genius leaves them far be-
hind;
Boldly he urges on, flies o'er each
mound,
And clears the critics' hedges at a bound.

To-night our bard—but no, I will not
sue,
You're English judges, and will judge as
true;
Nor more I'll say to temper your decrees,
Than that his task is hard who tries to
please.

ALLEN-A-DALE.

From "Rokeby," a Poem, by Walter Scott, Esq.

ALLEN-A-DALE has no faggot for
burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen a-Dale has no fleece for the spin-
ning,
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the
winning,
Come read me my riddle! come hearken
my tale!
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-
Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in
pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkin-
dale side;
The mere for his net, and the land for
his game,
The chase for the wild, and the park for
the tame,
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of
the vale,
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-
Dale.

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a Knight,
Tho' his spear be as sharp and his blade
be as bright:
Allen-a-Dale is no Baron or Lord,
Yet twenty tall Yeomen will draw at his
word;
And the best of our Nobles his bonnet
will vail,
Who at Rere-cross or Stanemore meets
Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come,
The mother she asked of his house and
his home:
"Though the castle of Richmond stand
fair on the hill,
"My Hall," quoth bold Allen, "stands
gallanter still;
"'Tis the blue vault of Heaven, with
its crescent so pale,
"And with all its bright spangles!" said
Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was
stone;
They lifted the latch, and they bade him
be gone;
But loud, on the morrow, their wail and
their cry!
He had laughed on the lass with his
bonny black eye,
And she fled to the forest to hear a love-
tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-
a-Dale.

FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.

BY MISS MITFORD.

JOY cannot claim a purer bliss,
Nor grief a dew from stain more
clear,
Then female friendship's meeting kiss,
Than female friendship's parting tear.

How sweet the heart's full bliss to pour
To her, whose smile must crown the
store!
How sweeter still to tell of woes
To her, whose faithful breast would
share
In ev'ry grief, in ev'ry care,
Whose sigh can lull them to repose!

Oh! blessed sigh! there is no sorrow,
But from thy breath can sweetness bor-
row;
E'en to the pale and drooping flower
That fades in love's neglected hour,

E'en

E'en with her woes can friendship's pow'r
One happier feeling blend:
'Tis from her restless bed to creep
And sink, like wearied babe to sleep,
On the soft couch her sorrows steep,
The bosom of a *friend.*

THE GYPSEY GANG.

BY THE REV. G. CRABBE.

AGAIN the country was enclos'd: a wide
And sandy road has banks on either side;
Where, lo! a hollow on the left appear'd,
And there a Gypsey tribe tbeir tent had rear'd:
'Twas open spread to catch the morning sun,
And they had now their early meal begun,
When two brown boys just left their grassy seat,
The early trav'ler with their pray'rs to greet:
While yet Orlando held his pence in hand,
He saw their sister on her duty stand;
Some twelve years old, demure, affected, sly,
Prepar'd the force of early powers to try:
Sudden a look of languor he descries,
And well-feign'd apprehension in her eyes;
Train'd, but yet savage, in her speaking face,
He mark'd the features of her vagrant race;
When a light laugh and roguish leer express'd
The vice implanted in her youthful breast:
Forth from the tent her elder brother came,
Who seem'd offended, yet forbore to blame
The young designer, but could only trace
The looks of pity in the trav'ler's face:
Within, the Father, who from fences nigh,
Had brought the fuel for the fire's supply,
Watch'd now the feeble blaze, and stood dejected by;
On ragged rug, just borrow'd from the bed,
And by the hand of course indulgence fed,
In dirty patchwork negligently dress'd,
Reclin'd the wife, an infant at her breast;
In her wild face some touch of grace remain'd,
Of vigour palsied and of beauty stain'd;
Her blood-shot eyes on her unheeding mate
Were wrathful turn'd, and seem'd her wants to state,
Cursing his tardy aid—her mother there,
With Gipsy-state engross'd the only chair;
Solemn and dull her look; with such she stands,
And reads the milk-maid's fortune in her hands,
Tracing the lines of life; assum'd through years,
Each feature now the steady falsehood wears;
With hard and savage eye she views the food,
And grudging pinches their intruding brood:
Last in the group the worn-out Grandsire sits,
Neglected, lost, and living but by fits;
Useless, despis'd, his worthless labours done,
And half protected by the vicious Son,
Who half supports him; he with heavy glance,
Views the young ruffians who around him dance;
And, by the sadness in his face, appears
To trace the progress of their future years;
Through what strange course of misery, vice, deceit,
Must wildly wander each unpractis'd cheat;
What shame and grief, what punishment and pain,
Sport of fierce passions, must each child sustain—
Ere they like him approach their latter end,
Without a hope, a comfort, or a friend!

THE VICARAGE SEQUESTERED.

OUR vicarage, though small, is snug and warm;
Two hundred clear—Heav'n keep the Church from harm:
Were mine the gift—from all the cassock'd tribe,

I'd

I'd choose the humble man that I'll describe.
A plain good Priest, scarce for a Rector fit,
With common sense, small learning, and less wit;
Who never studied heathen Greek at college,
Yet wise in that which passeth worldly knowledge;
Well skill'd a village flock in peace to keep,
And better pleas'd to feed than shear his sheep;
With simple cunning and persuasive art,
Before he preach the word, to win the heart;
With decent mirth to temper pious labours,
And manners not to shame his country neighbours;
One who perhaps long tost on life's rough ocean,
Has sometimes ask'd, but never reach'd promotion;
And, wearied out with tugging at the oar,
Would gladly anchor on some friendly shore;
Well pleased with us to pass declining age,
And end in peace his earthly pilgrimage.
And when he falls, may still a Priest succeed
To lead the flock as ——'s self would lead;
So shall our humble parish ne'er be curs'd,
To see the portrait I have drawn—revers'd.

A SONG.

BY LORD THURLOW.

WHEN Chloris, like an Angel, walks
Amid the golden spring,
And, fairer than the blooming flow'rs,
Of nature's sweets will sing;
How can I choose, but prize the hours,
That fly on rapture's wing?

Her voice is like the morning light,
That, from the amber gate,
On sea and earth divinely plays,
Which yet no clouds abate:
All nature on her charms may gaze,
And find in her a mate.

And can it be so soft a form,
A voice so clear and sweet,
Which e'en the Angels can beguile,
With love shall never meet?
Though Chloris know it not the while,
Love reigns in her complete.

With ev'ry flow'r, that sweetest blows,
For flow'rs to her are dear,
Her marble forehead we will crown,
Till she outshine the year;
Let Jove come from Olympus down,
And view our beauty here!

For the Sporting Magazine.

LINES

On the Mutability of Human Affairs.

HOW sweet the blushing rose to view,
Fresh op'ning into flow'r;
And yet it is an emblem true,
Of life's fantastic hour.

Charms choice as Nature e'er displayed,
Adorn the flower all prize;
But soon, alas! its beauties fade,
It withers, drops, and dies.

The rose, which each fair flower outvi'd,
In turn its doom has found;
And what was once the garden's pride,
Lies scatter'd on the ground.

And thus man's life first dawning blooms,
While Hope the prospect cheers,
But care, alas! ere long consumes,
His pleasures, and his years.

W.

THE GAMES OF GREECE.

Translated from the Greek of Archias,
By Mr. Edwards.

FOUR sacred games, illustrious Greece, are thine—
Of human honour two, and two divine!
Jove's mighty hand th' Olympick *olive* guides;
Apollo o'er the Pythick *palm* presides:
Nemæan *parsley* is Ophel'e's care;
And th' Isthmian *pine* Palemon's envied share!